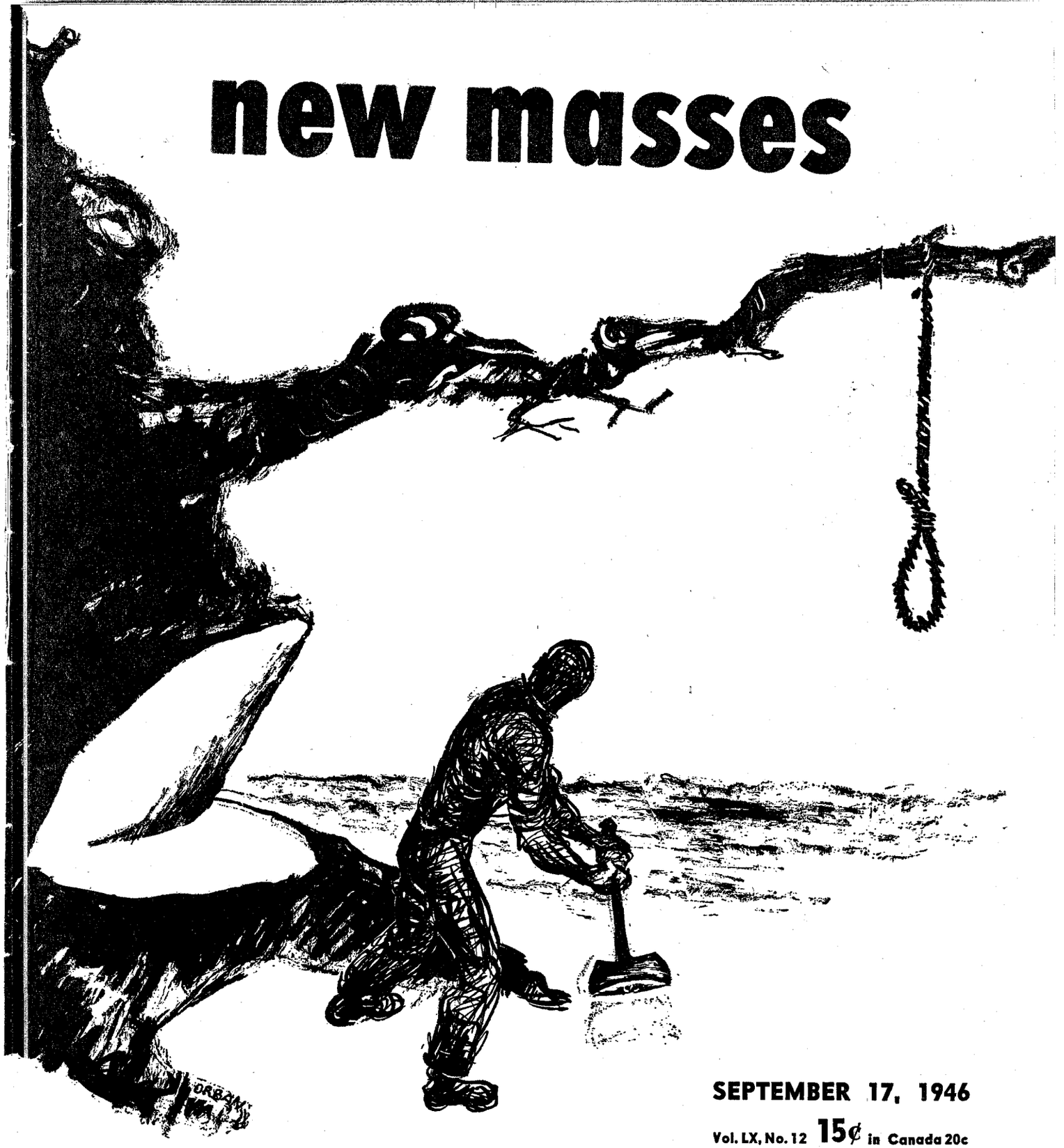
new masses



SEPTEMBER 17, 1946

Vol. LX, No. 12 15¢ in Canada 20c

STOCK MARKET JITTERS by Ralph J. Peters

THE MEANING OF H. G. WELLS by R. Page Arnot

U. E.: STORY OF A FIGHTING UNION by Robert Friedman

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just a minute

WELL, we wouldn't take anybody's word for it, so we read the script of "The Great Conspiracy Against Russia" for ourself—and all we can say is that Morris Watson has done another great job in the tradition of his "Living Newspapers" of the Thirties. If you're a student of our back covers, you know that that's the dramatization of Michael Sayers' and Albert Kahn's book NEW MASSES is putting on as part of a program featuring the two Pauls (well, *look* at the back cover then!) at Carnegie Hall on Sunday, September 22. We had a feeling that a script which packs so much punch in black and white would be *nothing* less than supercolossal when brought to life by Stage for Action—and Alex Leith, its director, tells us that the actors seem to feel the same way. Five hundred actors and actresses, he reports, jammed S. for A.'s office on casting day last week, anxious to take part in a production they felt—almost all of them had read the book—would be a body blow against those who have tried for nearly thirty years now to lead us into war against the Soviet Union. All of them professional actors, they welcome the opportunity—so rare on Broadway—to appear in a play with real content.

The cast of 100 has gone into rehearsal under the direction of Brett Warren, who directed "Power" for the Federal Theater; Peggy Clark, of Broadway note, is the scenic artist, and it is rumored that Gropper, Max Weber, Rockwell Kent and others will play themselves during the course of the evening in an over-all script directed by Don Hershey. We'll bring you some last-minute hot tips on the program next week, but what are you waiting for? Those little cardboard things are going fast, so—as our favorite record jockey, Fred Robbins, would say—rush like a monsoon, goon!

WE'RE happy to announce that A. B. Magil, our executive editor, is planning a pre-election speaking and writing tour beginning October 2. The cities and dates are as follows: Chicago, October 2-5; Milwaukee, Oct. 6; Madison, Oct. 7; Denver, Oct. 8; Seattle, Oct. 10-11; Tacoma, Oct. 12 and 14; Portland, Oct. 13; San Francisco, Oct. 15, 17 and 18; Oakland, Oct. 16; Los Angeles, Oct. 19-23; St. Louis, Oct. 25; Detroit, Oct. 27-30. To get the fullest benefit of the tour, we urge progressive groups in those cities to get in touch with NM as quickly as possible. Bea Siskind, our promotion manager, recommends Chicago's response as a model. She showed us a letter from that city which says:

"In connection with Magil's visit here, we are planning the following: On Wednesday we would like Mr. Magil to meet with twenty-five or thirty people. Mr. Magil would discuss the role and function of NEW MASSES and its importance in relation to the professional and middle class. We have a problem of increasing people's awareness of the importance of the magazine on a city-wide scale. These twenty-five or thirty people will carry Magil's message to various groups and organizations, and in that way we hope to set in motion a city-wide campaign.

"On Friday, October 4, we are planning a meeting for about 300 people, which we feel sure will be a real success. We have a corps of responsible people who we feel can carry it through successfully. Saturday there will be a house party at which we expect to raise some funds for the magazine. . . ."

Magil will also send us articles on the political scene which we know, judging from his first-class reporting on other occasions, you won't want to miss.

NM'S WEEKEND at Chester's Zunbarg was a great success socially, athletically, nationally and internationally. We had the best turnout we can remember—about two hundred—and among them were two girls who came from Philadelphia just for this event, a college professor from Canada, a doctor from the British West Indies and three students from India. The fellow who sat next to us at the table, a true *aficionado*, thought we ought to institute an NM Week-end-of-the-Month Club; we've put his suggestion in our Big Stuff file, and meanwhile we're definitely planning an epochal winter sports weekend. We'll let you know, when the time comes. B. M.

new masses

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Two weeks' notice is requested for change of address. Notification sent to NEW MASSES rather than the Post Office will give the best results. Vol. LX, No. 12. Published weekly by THE NEW MASSES, INC., 104 E. 9th Street, New York 3, N. Y.

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Entered as second-class matter, June 23, 1926, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Single copies 15 cents. Subscriptions $6.00 a year in U. S. and Possessions and Mexico; six months $3.50; three months $2.00. Foreign, $7.00 a year; six months $4.00; three months, $2.25. In Canada $6.50 a year, $4.00 for six months, U. S. money; single copies in Canada 20 cents Canadian money. NEW MASSES welcomes the work of new writers and artists. Manuscripts and drawings must be accompanied by stamped, addressed envelope.

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U. E.: TEN YEARS STRONG

"We got big, but we didn't get soft. GE and Westinghouse can tell you, we're as tough as ever." The growth of a young labor giant.

By ROBERT FRIEDMAN

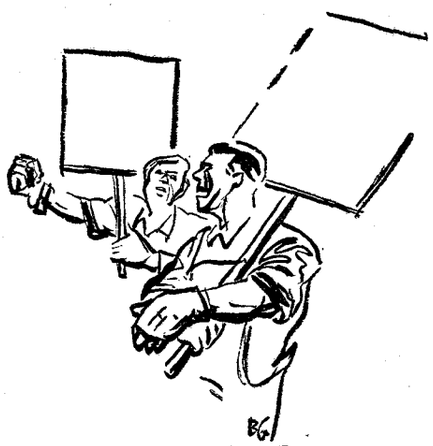
THE six-story building at 11 East 51st Street, New York City, is unmistakably a mansion. The ornamental ironwork, spacious anteroom, lofty ceilings and rounded marble staircase all are there. Built years ago by a gentleman known in his day as the Granite King, and owned later by the Astor interests, the still handsome structure is now the national headquarters of the United Electrical, Radio and Machine Workers of America-CIO. Only a few steps from fashionable Fifth Avenue, the UE's building might symbolically appear to some as a slender outpost of the people against the time when all the Granite Kings are dethroned, and all the costly handiwork of plain men and women is wrested from the few and reverts to the many.

True enough, it is no mean feat that a small group of rebels against a rigid American Federation of Labor hierarchy has grown in ten years to the third largest union in the CIO—and owner of a near-Fifth Avenue mansion, to boot. But when I buttonholed one busy visitor to the UE's offices, and asked him how he felt about his union's ownership of such a showplace, it was not the visible evidence of this success which gratified him most.

"Look," the UE member said, "let's not kid ourselves. There's plenty of unions with more dough and bigger buildings. Sure, it's nice to come here for our strike conference with the international in these swanky offices. No reason why unions have to live in smelly lofts if they can afford better. But what I like is that the UE didn't get hardening of the arteries getting to the point where it can own a headquarters like this—we got big, but we didn't get soft. GE and Westinghouse can tell you, the UE's as tough as ever."

"Getting tough" in behalf of its membership is what this vigorously democratic union, the victor in a recent series of bitter and protracted wage struggles with some of America's most powerful industrialists, has been doing ever since it came into being. Six hundred thousand members strong, with a jurisdiction which sprawls over every conceivable manufacturing endeavor from lamps to locomotives, from radios to sewing machines, the UE scarcely lends itself to glib characterization. Perhaps as sound an approach as any to a recounting of the growth and achievements of the UE in the decade of its existence is to compare the conditions of a radio or machine-shop worker before the union came, and now. A tiny Manhattan radio shop will do as well as the giant GE plant in Schenectady; one worker will do as well as another. Take me.

Back in 1934, I spent my days in a dismal radio shop on New York's West Side. Nineteen hundred and thirty-four was a year steeped in gloom, not only because of the continuing depression, but because it was the year that "The Music Goes Round and Round" blared its ghastly way to popularity. As we worked feverishly on the assembly line, at every testing point, from every station on the dial, that song came. And I remember that every insane chorus jarred my nerves. It was not really the song, of course. That was a convenient peg on which to hang the tensions which came from long hours, constant speedup, supervision so prison-like that the ghost of a conversation with a fellow-worker on the line was cause for blistering censure. We stood constantly at our assembly line, not because it was more productive that way—it wasn't—but because the pettiest improvement for the workers seemed to the boss a fantastic heresy.



B. Golden

I can remember inserting condensers, faster and faster, as the foreman's tongue whiplashed up and down the line. Regularly blood stained every finger on my hand as the sharp-edged condenser cut, but I could no more stop my work than could Canute stay the waves. And I remember too the assembler on my right, fresh out of high school, summarily fired with shrieks and shoves and threats. Observed from a distance in lively conversation, the youngster was immediately suspected of talking "union"—and out he went. And all this for fourteen dollars a week.

Perpetuation of the speed-up, the low pay and the sweatshop working conditions in the radio and related industries was in no small measure aided by the do-nothing craft unionism of the AFL. Three times running AFL locals petitioned the Executive Council to authorize a Radio and Allied Trades National Labor Council. Three times the plea for a national charter was turned down.

Determined to unite around their common problems, on March 21, 1936, forty-four delegates representing 30,000 radio and electrical workers from AFL federal locals and independent unions met in Buffalo to form the United Electrical and Radio Workers of America. Recognizing in industrial organization the hope for complete and powerful unionization of the radio and electrical industries, the new union convened again in September of the same year, to vote affiliation to the young CIO. The following year, a large block of locals from the AFL Machinists broke away to join the UE, bringing with their numbers the "Machine Workers" which the union added to its name.

Ten years after the UE's birth,

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workers in the radio shop I once worked in, along with the rest of the CIO-organized radio industry in New York, are earning an average hourly minimum of ninety cents, receive up to three weeks' vacation per year and six and one-half paid holidays. And, as a result of the agreement signed between the UE and twenty radio manufacturers in February of this year, all hiring is through the union, with a closed shop established.

In 1942, when hundreds of thousands of men and women poured into the war plants, I returned to work in radio, electrical and machine shops after an eight-year absence. Gone was the sweatshop atmosphere and the bullying harrassment traditionally the lot of unorganized, unskilled and semi-skilled shop workers. I found instead workers conscious of their rights, accepting without question the existence of "the union" as a vehicle for settling their grievances, and quick to blaze at any employer intent on undermining the union.

It might be argued that the changes wrought by the UE are far from unique, and that they are the end product in every mass production industry where workers have organized into the CIO and fought. On the contrary. It should be remembered that the radio and electronics industries are Johnnies-come-lately among the industrial giants. Depressingly large numbers of the workers in the industry lacked any union background at all, or came with the stock bias and misconceptions garnered not from first-hand-experience but from church, school and newspaper. But fears of losing the flimsy favor of the boss melted away before the greater concern to stop a steady worsening of wages and working conditions. The UE made strong headway from the very first. Workers' standards were consistently improved. Among the major battles during the UE's formative years were strikes in 1936-37 against RCA in Camden, N. J., and against the Maytag Washing Machine Company in Iowa.

During the recent war UE membership soared with the nation's all-out production. Playing a great part in the achievement of a 6,300 percent increase in the flow of electrical and communications equipment from 1940 to 1944, the UE at the same time was among those in the forefront of labor's long wartime fight to end the one-sided Little Steel wage freeze formula.

With the war's end and the disastrous cuts in take home-pay suffered by the bulk of UE's membership, militant strikes with full rank and file participation were successfully carried out against GE, Westinghouse, General Motors' electrical division, Anaconda and lesser electrical firms. UE's strikes against the Big Three of the industry were conducted with mass picketing, thorough publicizing of the issues to the community and vigorous resistance to the use of police and troops in Pennsylvania and elsewhere to break strikes. Commented the union's publication, *UE News*, after GE, GM and Westinghouse were brought to heel: "The extent to which the battles with the big three of the electrical industry have set a pattern for the entire industry is indicated by the eighteen and half-cent raises won for over 300,000 workers in more than 200 companies."

In the midst of the strike which closed down the GE and Westinghouse plants for the first time in the latter's history, the UE men and women on the picketlines sent delegations down to Washington demanding that Congress keep price control. Even before the CIO created the Political Action Committee, the UE leadership was plugging away for political action as an essential auxiliary to the purely "economic" work of the union. For the UE consists largely of semi-skilled workers whose economic status is, at best, precarious. Such UE members have not been slow to recognize that without political action to secure higher wage minimums, adequate unemployment insurance and enforced price control, their union machinery would be missing on some of its cylinders.

By the same token, the UE leadership consistently relates the significant developments in world affairs and the struggle for peace to the immediate problems of its membership. The most recent General Executive Board meeting of the UE, for example, protested British Foreign Secretary Bevin's attack on the Jews; urged CIO President Murray to ask the World Federation of Trade Union's to investigate the attacks on Arab and Jewish workers in Palestine; called for "strong, progressive industrial unions" in Japan, where low-paid electrical workers were used to break down American wage standards before the war; set up the UE's own Fair Practices Committee to deal with discrimination against workers; and urged UE locals to give financial aid to the National Negro Congress.

That a union of such progressive propensity should escape the current wave of Red-baiting was hardly likely. The bosses and the Peglers and Woltmans of the Filth Estate (not to be confused with the Fourth Estate, of course) found their convenient instrument in one Harry Block, vice president of the UE. In Pittsburgh, on August 11, Block marshalled a motley crew, invoked an intense holy war against the present leadership of the union on the grounds of "Communism." Timed to influence the UE convention being held in Milwaukee this week, the formation of the innocuously-named "UE Committee for Democratic Action" made no bones about aiming to unseat the union's officers.

UE members in Pennsylvania, who remembered how Republican Governor Edward Martin used armed state troopers in an effort to break the Westinghouse strike last winter, were not unduly surprised at Martin's warm endorsement of the Red-baiting clique. Declared the governor: "I'm very glad they are doing this because all of us felt the majority of the members of unions are good Americans and the assertions of a small minority were not fair to others."

UE members, including striking workers in a Philadelphia plant, had more stringent standards for good Americanism—and good unionism. Many wasted little time in condemning the Block group for its union-splitting. Once before, some five years ago, Red-baiters raised their false slogans at a UE convention, only to be thoroughly trounced by the delegates. Quiescent since that time, they are emboldened now by the efforts of reaction to create "anti-Communist" issues in every possible union.

THE "UE leadership" has been mentioned here repeatedly, but has remained nameless. The omission, which I will proceed to correct, is not uncharacteristic of discussions of the UE. The union itself, despite its size, importance and considerable achievements, is seldom publicized. And where every newspaper reader is acquainted with the names Murray, Bridges, Lewis or Petrillo, most would be exceedingly hard put to it to recall the name of any one of the three men who have piloted the UE to its present impressive size and strength. Perhaps the reason lies in the fact that the UE lacks the drama implicit in a union

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which has established its sure hegemony over one entire basic industry. Partly it may be because the UE tradition has never been to publicize its few key leaders, even within the union itself.

The UE's three top leaders are, significantly, young men as union leaders go. In appearance, background and personality as dissimilar as can be, they function as harmoniously together as

do the hundreds of thousands of UE members of varying crafts, races, religions and political creeds. President Albert J. Fitzgerald, round-faced and burly, is thirty-nine. Like Secretary-Treasurer Julius Emspak and Organizational Director James Matles, Fitzgerald was a shop worker, coming from the ranks to lead the union of 600,000. He was a maintenance man at the GE plant in Lynn, Mass.

Emspak, forty and scholarly in appearance, was a tool and die maker at GE's Schenectady plant. The fact that Emspak is a doctor of philosophy has evidently not prevented the steady stream of UE pamphlets and guides from being models of liveliness, simplicity and effective treatment. The youngest member of the trio is dark, mustached, intense-looking, thirty-six-year-old James Matles. Formerly a machinist, he served in the Army during this war as an instructor in mechanical problems.

Perhaps better known to the public at large because of recent press publicity surrounding his return to the United States is Russ Nixon, the UE's legislative representative in Washington, whose resignation as deputy director of the Division of Investigation of Cartels and External Assets of the Office of Military Government in Germany was accompanied by his blast against policies pampering reactionary industrial interests there.

If there is absent in the UE any high-powered publicity buildup of the top leadership, there is lacking no emphasis on the importance of the basic organizations of the UE and the men and women who head them—the shop stewards and committees and the officials of the locals. Annual UE conventions elect national officers and make national policy. District Councils coordinate the work of the locals on a geographical basis. But above all else, the locals of the UE cherish their autonomy, the flexible use of their power to act within the framework of the union's policies, without interference from above.

It's not difficult to appreciate why. In one UE-organized radio crystal plant in which I worked in 1943, it was this atmosphere of free initiative, as much as anything else, which converted one large island of hostile workers into thorough partisans of UE and its program. Because UE practice assured the shop of a free hand in formulating their contractual demands, issuing their mimeographed newspaper and electing their committees, to all but the greatest die-hard in the lot it became *their union*, to build and strengthen.

It would not be possible, even in the most sketchy description of the UE, to ignore the women members of the union. There are few industrial unions in which women play as important a role. Even before the war, the number of women in the industry approached fifteen percent. During the war it went as high as fifty percent, and in individual shops it wasn't unusual to find women making up ninety percent of the personnel. UE's encouragement of the development of women leaders is a far cry from the time when, in the AFL's International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers, women were granted only Class B membership. In 1944, eighteen UE locals had women presidents; thirty-three had women vice presidents. The UE has also consistently fought for equal pay for equal work, and other protection for women workers. By 1944, sixty-eight percent of all women covered by UE contracts were assured of equal pay protection.

Today, with Congress dancing to the monopolists' tune, the uncontrolled cost of living is hacking away at the wage increases won in recent strike struggles by the UE membership. Battling for real price control, the UE can also be expected to demand and fight for new wage adjustments from the electrical trusts to bring pay envelopes closer to soaring prices. Theirs is a battle not only for themselves, but for the nation. Not in the Pecksniffian panegyrics to democracy by the imperialist Byrnes, or in the frenetic anti-labor zeal of the Congressional Republicrats, but in the life and work of such men and women as the UE is made of, can one find bright augury for America's tomorrow.

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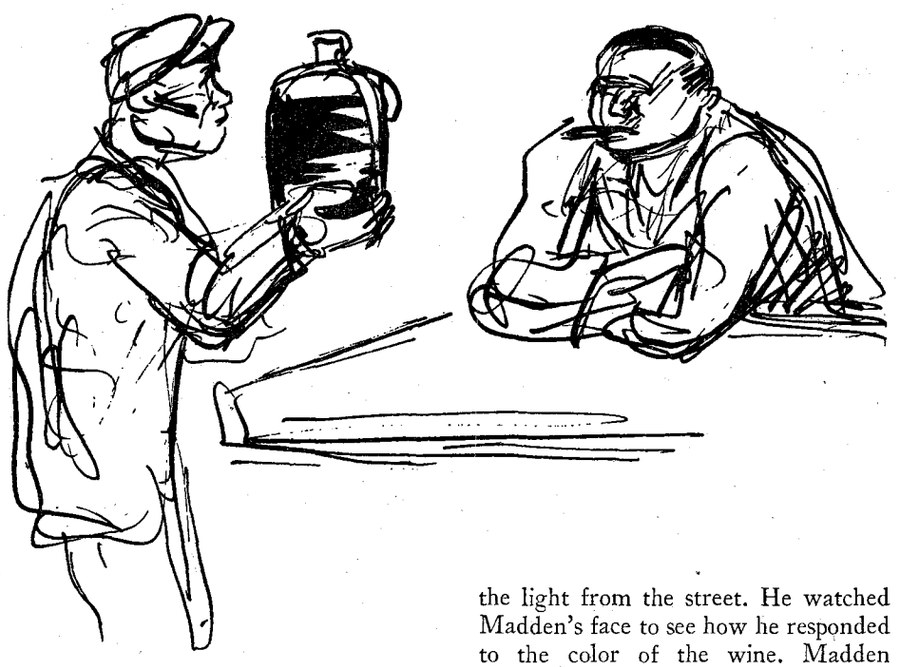
MAMA EU QUERO

"It looks like real blood," Louie said. "You want I should call the cops?" Manuel set his shoulder against the door and turned the knob.

A Short Story by LEWIS AMSTER

Illustrated by Bart.



TONY ARRUDA shifted the gallon of wine he was carrying and crossed himself properly in front of St. Veronica's R.C. Church. The quick movement made him stagger a little and an old couple who were already late to Mass paused on the church steps to watch him go by. Arruda hiked up the bottle and went into the second building beyond the Parish House. He scraped his feet noiselessly in the vestibule until Madden signalled him to come in. When Madden saw him he began to laugh in a breathless way that had no humor in it and turned his big face the color of red veal.

"I can come in?" Arruda asked.

"Sure thing. My house is always open to any a my boys."

"I bring you some wine, Mister Madden. You tell me you like my wine."

"Is that for me, Arruda? I don't want it."

"You take it now, Mister Madden. Please."

Madden shook his head. "No more vino. I got a cellar full awready."

Arruda raised the bottle to catch the light from the street. He watched Madden's face to see how he responded to the color of the wine. Madden moved his head from side to side. Watching Madden move his head like that, Arruda thought: "Johnny Souza says Madden shakes his head like a dog wags its rump."

"Please, Mister Madden," Arruda said. "I got to make a ship next week. I ain't got work for two weeks now."

"So what? You Portagees think you got it comin' to you."

Arruda's skin became grey and jiggling lumps grew in his lower jaw. He looked directly at Madden.

"I make one ship this month," Arruda said. "I give you two bucks. What you want me to do?"

"Whyn'tcha try South Street or the fruit dock? I got more longshoremen than I know what to do with."

"You know me for eight years. I am good longshoreman."

"Yeah, you're okay, Arruda."

"I work every damn part of the ship. I work every damn kind cargo, don't I?"

"Listen, I ain't gonna argue with you."

Arruda held out the wine. "Please take it."

Madden put his hand on Arruda's shoulder. "Look, Tony. I don't want any more a that Portagee dynamite."

"Okay, tell me what you want?"

Madden lowered his voice and pulled at the lump of fat under his chin. "Tell you what. I got a few friends comin' over this evenin'. I wanna show them a good time. I oughta give 'em something good to eat. Y'know—somethin' like chicken—or turkey."

"Chicken or turkey?"

"Yeh," Madden said. "I'm gonna be in the rest of the day."

Arruda said: "Okay, you don't want this wine?"

Madden laughed and led him toward the door. When Arruda was in the hallway, Madden stuck his head out and said: "I'll see you later, huh?"

Arruda nodded and wrapped his arms around the bottle, pressing the glass against himself to hold his anger inside. It was very quiet in the street because of the church and the grinding of his teeth sounded in his ears like a rusty winch. He passed the church without remembering it was there and didn't look up until he reached the building where he lived with his wife.

MRS. ARRUDA heard him bang the door and went to meet her husband. She wore a frayed house-dress that was pulled in tightly at the waist and most of the men who knew her said it would be okay if it wasn't for her face which was pitted and dark like some leather. The men who knew her called her Satchelpuss. She had heard about it from Louie DaSilva, one of two brothers who lived across the hall. Mrs. Arruda made a noise with her

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mouth and told Louie she was better than any of them. She had come to New York from New Bedford and her parents came from Lisbon. Not like the DaSilvas and the rest of the Portuguese who came from Madeira Island and didn't know what beef looked like until they saw it for the first time in America.

Mrs. Arruda pointed at the bottle with her thumb and asked: "What's the matter? Ain't Madden home?"

Arruda answered in Portuguese: "Yeah, he's home—the damn belly-robber. I hope he stays home for his

own funeral and they bury him tomorrow."

"Talk English. Whyn'tcha give him the wine?"

Arruda ignored the question and opened the bottle. He poured a large glass full and drank it quickly.

"What's the matter?" Mrs. Arruda asked. "Ain'tcha talkin' to me?"

"He don't want wine. He got a cellar full."

Mrs. Arruda said a word in Portuguese that was filthy and bitter.

"That's New Bedford for you," Arruda said. "Always cursing." The wine overflowed his mouth and some of it ran down his chin.

"Aw, you gimme a pain," Mrs. Arruda said. "What does he want?"

Arruda drank a third glass. "What the hell. I ain't gonna give him a damn thing."

"Oi—watch the way you're gassin' up. I'm gonna go back to New Bedford if you start that."

Arruda pushed her hand down and drank. She stood by watching him fill the glass again and again.

"Chickens and turkeys, he wants," Arruda said. "Y'hear? Chickens and turkeys."

Mrs. Arruda left the room and returned with a handful of coins. She placed the coins on the table next to the wine. "Go get him a chicken," she said.

Arruda tried to focus on the coins and shook his head. His tongue seemed too thick for him to hold in his mouth and he let the end of it rest on the under-lip.

"I ain't gonna do it for the damn belly-robber," Arruda said. "I ain't gonna do it. Let him get his own turkeys."

Mrs. Arruda laughed. "What a language to get drunk in. Even when a guy is sober he sounds drunk in Portagee. Every guy ought to learn it so's he can tell his old lady he ain't drunk, he's talkin' Portagee."

Arruda stared at her, then at the coins and breathed as if he had a weight on his chest. His head fell forward.

"Unosh, dosh, tresh, quatrosh," Mrs. Arruda said. "You're out." She picked up the coins and started toward the door.

Arruda stirred and mumbled: "Mama."

"I'll give you Mama, you dumb gas-hound."

She slammed the door and left the flat.

Most of the other tenants were in church and her footsteps echoed throughout the building. When she reached Greenwich Street, she spat angrily and dug her heels into the pavement, walking toward a row of wholesale poultry shops near the corner facing the Hudson River. She stopped at the first shop and rattled the iron gate until a tall Negro came to answer.

"Duh shop is closed, Ma'm," the Negro said. "Ain't no one here."

"Ain't you someone?"

"Ah'm duh watchman, Ma'm."

"I wanna buy a chicken. It's for my husband. He's very sick."

"Ah'm sorry. Dis is a wholesale place."

Mrs. Arruda put her fist through the opening and showed him the money. "Go on. Take it. No one has to know. Pick me out a nice chicken."

The Negro took the money and went into the rear of the shop. She heard him pull one of the crates across the concrete floor. He opened a corner of the crate and reached in.

"C'mon, Red. Yuh duh one," the Negro said. He caught a bird and held it up for her to see.

"Kill it for me," Mrs. Arruda said.

"Yes'm." He got a short axe from the wall, holding the bird firmly with one hand. The chicken squirmed furiously and he held it at an angle with its head on the edge of a crate. The bird stopped squirming to gather itself

and the Negro brought the axe down in a single chopping motion.

"Now you take and hang it up fo' a while," the Negro said, bringing the chicken to Mrs. Arruda. He covered it with a sheet of newspaper.

"Thanks, I'm only goin' a short ways."

MRS. ARRUDA was gone more than an hour when her husband woke and raised his head from the table. He touched his arm, which was numb like the time two railroad ties had fallen on it. He massaged the arm until it felt right again. His head felt like it had a tight cap over it and he pounded it loose with his fist. He looked at the clock and tried to remember

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what time he had come back from Madden's.

"Mama," Arruda said suddenly. He got up and looked in the bedroom. He turned away and went into the kitchen. It was lighter in the kitchen and he blinked his eyes. He went back to the front room and walked around the table hunching his shoulders against the chills at the back of his neck. The second time he circled the table he went to the door. He ran down the steps two at a time, shaking the bannisters with his weight. He reached the street and ran steadily until he met a crowd coming out of the church. He saw Manuel and Louie DaSilva leave a woman with whom they were talking and step into his path. Manuel put out his hand to stop Arruda.

"Hey! Where you goin' in such a damn hurry?" Manuel asked.

Arruda dodged into the gutter. "I gotta see someone."

"Madden?" Louie asked. "You gonna see Madden?"

Arruda walked in the gutter until he came to Madden's house and turned into the building. He stopped in the vestibule and stood rubbing his index finger and thumb together trying to decide about ringing the bell. His eyes traveled along the row of bells and down to the octagonal marble chips that were used for the floor. His eyes stopped on a blood-stain and he bent to examine it.

"Jesus!" Arruda said. He wet his lips and dried them with the back of his hand. He saw more stains that looked like the first one. He straightened up in fright and ran out of the building. He ran until he caught up with the DaSilva brothers at the end of the street.

"Manuel," Arruda said. "You gotta help me. Mama is in trouble, I think."

Manuel DaSilva blew out his breath. "You're crazy. Why you look like that, Arruda?"

The DaSilva brothers followed Arruda back to the vestibule and he showed them the stains.

"It looks like real blood," Louie said. "You want I should go call the cops?"

Manuel didn't say anything but set his shoulder against the door and turned the knob. The door opened easily and Arruda went in, followed by the brothers.

"What d'ya think?" Manuel asked.

Arruda knocked on the door and waited. He knocked again and they heard heavy footsteps coming toward them on the inside. Madden opened the door a little.

"Gentlemen," Madden said.

Arruda felt Manuel's weight against his back. "My wife is here?" he asked.

"Yeah, she's here. She was just goin'."

Arruda stepped past Madden into the room. Mrs. Arruda rose from the couch and pulled her dress into place. Her coat was thrown over a chair and there were two wine-glasses on the short table. All this Arruda saw at once.

"Mama," Arruda said. He now saw the chicken lying on the table in its newspaper nest.

"What's up, boys?" Madden asked the DaSilva brothers.

Manuel shrugged. "Nothin'." He jerked his head toward Arruda. "He brought us."

Arruda asked his wife in Portuguese: "Mama, what did you do?"

She went to him and tightened her fingers around his arm. "Let's go," she said.

Arruda's arm strained in his wife's grip. He saw Madden open his mouth to speak, then cover it as if he had yawned.

"You got the chicken, Mister Madden," Arruda said.

"Yeah. Thanks."

Mrs. Arruda drew her husband toward the door. "You comin' or ain't you?"

"I'll see you in the mornin', eh boys?" Madden said.

When they got out of the building, the DaSilva brothers mumbled something and turned away. Arruda opened his wife's fingers and went after them.

"You ain't gonna tell nobody, Manuel," Arruda said. "It will be bad for you if you tell."

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"You are crazy," Manuel said. "What are you talking about?"

"I will sink my hook in your head if you tell," Arruda said. He was trembling and Louie DaSilva laughed.

"Go home before you wet yourself," Louie said.

NEXT morning Louie DaSilva was one of the first customers in Polanski's cafe. Manuel came down later and the men knew all about Mrs. Arruda and Madden by then. At a quarter to eight, the longshoremen left the cafe and went to the front of the pier where they formed a wide semi-circle. Arruda walked into the group and stood behind Johnny Souza and Charlie Weber. Some of the men didn't see Arruda behind Souza's back and began to tell the others what Louie DaSilva had told them.

"Who're they talkin' about—you?" Souza asked Arruda.

Arruda shrunk further behind Souza.

"Somethin's goin' on here," Weber said. "Looks like they're fixin' up a rib for somebody."

Madden came out of the timekeeper's office and got up on the stringpiece so he could see all the men. He pointed out those he wanted to hire and as each man saw the gesture for him he walked out of the group into the pier. The DaSilva brothers went down with the first gang. Then Souza and Weber went down. Arruda stood alone and Madden snapped his fingers to get his attention.

"Go on down, Arruda," Madden said.

The remaining men watched Arruda shuffle out of the group and start for the pier. Madden hired several others and those who had not been chosen scattered.

Arruda walked quickly, wanting to get into his job before he had to hear anything more about himself. He walked without seeing and ran into Souza.

"Take it easy, Tony," Souza said. He held Arruda's arm and slowed him to an even pace. As they neared the ship, they heard Louie DaSilva singing: "*Mama eu quero, Mama eu quero, Mama eu quero, Mama.*" Arruda ducked out of Souza's reach and threw his steel hook at Louie. The hook curved and caught Louie in the leg, doubling him over. Manuel ran toward Arruda with his own hook raised.

Johnny Souza stepped in and swung Manuel around, ramming him into the bulkhead. "Stop it," Souza said.

Manuel said: "He hit Louie."

"He oughta killed him. Now leave him alone."

Johnny Souza left Manuel and walked back to Arruda and Weber.

"Those guys got bubbles in their think-tanks," Souza said.

"I'll t'row Louie DaSilva in the drink one a these days," Weber said.

They reached the part of the ship where Arruda was to work and he turned to them before going in. "You're a good guy, Souza," he said in Portuguese.

Weber said: "If that Manuel bothers you leave me know."

Souza and Weber went on to the end of the pier, where they picked out their hand-trucks. They pushed the trucks along the wooden gangway into the hold.

"That true about Arruda's old lady, you think?"

"Arruda's workin', ain't he?" Souza said.

Weber pushed the truck out of the way and prepared to work. "With Madden it's a case of yer money or yer wife, huh."

Souza nodded. "Everything's got some use. Even the dirty end of a stick has got some use."

"What was that song they was singing?"

"That? 'I want my mama.'"

"Is that all! I thought it was somethin' dirty," Weber said.

"Nah—it ain't dirty," Souza said. "It's all in the way you sing it."

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STOCK MARKET JITTERS

A guest editorial by RALPH J. PETERS

THE New York Stock Exchange is a hallowed institution of American capitalism. It is not given to the little man, to the ordinary citizen, to understand its hidden workings. And to all outward appearances it remains somewhat of a mystery even to those who arrogate to themselves the title of financial expert. That's the way it looks, at any rate. There was a tumble last week, on September 4. Stock prices fell by about eight points, in a day of furious selling that broke the record for number of shares traded. All those who are in a position to know don't seem to be able to furnish any adequate explanation of this unexpected phenomenon. At least from all the accounts of booming production and soaring employment, you would expect no lack of confidence in Wall Street. Even Secretary of the Treasury John W. Snyder, of Missouri, issued a statement: "I see no cause for alarm." He said that all the experts he had consulted gave entirely different reasons for the break. Mr. Snyder did not give any.

But if the experts and editorial writers cannot agree on any explanation of recent events on the stock market, they do agree on one thing. Whatever the inside story may be, they are solemnly banded together to scotch at the outset any incipient skepticism on the part of the American people as to the virtues of the system of "free enterprise." Everyone discounts the break on the market, but it was at least important enough to move the New York *Times* to comment in its lead editorial for September 6: "It is obvious that this situation imposes a special responsibility upon government, industry and labor to see to it that the American free enterprise system works without too great strains and stresses, not only to assure its survival here but also to prevent peoples more exhausted by the war from despairing of it."

A hasty glance at the charts in the daily papers on stock price levels reveals that this latest break is only the most severe in a series of minor breaks that have been occurring since the first part of June this year. Since then, the market has had a bad time on five distinct occasions, slides of from four to eight points; and in no case has the market regained the ground that was lost. The current break was the sharpest and has called forth the most editorial comment, but it is no bolt from the blue. There has been a steady decline in stock prices all summer; the market presents a picture of instability which contrasts with the apparently favorable circumstances of rising prices and high production.

The guardians of the stock exchange, the pinnacle of the "free enterprise" system, are painfully sensitive these days. They know that the American people have not forgotten 1929, the devastating crash, the breadlines, the consequent depression of eleven dragging years before World War II pulled us out of the doldrums. The wartime bonanza may have created new illusions about the stability of capitalism as a workable system, but it did not entirely obliterate the pressing sense of insecurity, the worry about what tomorrow will bring, which has been embedded in our national consciousness since the mass unemployment of the Thirties. Only the other day the Gallup poll reported that six out of every ten Americans expect another serious depression.

The American capitalist organism came out of the war enormously expanded in its productive capacity. But now in peacetime there is no longer a market guaranteed by the insatiable needs of the greatest war in history. Big business, more monopolized than ever, must dispose of its products largely to the domestic market. Corporation economists have maintained that there are great prospects for a long-term replacement boom based on what they call pent-up demand. That idea was knocked in the head when the Federal Reserve Board published a study of income and savings distribution, conducted by the Department of Agriculture. It showed that forty-seven percent of our families had incomes in 1945 of less than $2,000, seventy percent less than $3,000. In the boom year of 1945, seventeen percent went into the red and had to live on previous savings, if they had any, while thirteen percent were unable to save anything. The study showed that the top ten percent held sixty percent of all savings, while the bottom eighty percent of all families held only thirteen percent of all savings. The total assets in the hands of the great mass of American families are so pitifully small that they cannot be expected to provide a very solid foundation for a prolonged boom based on "pent-up demand." The point of this study was not lost on the hucksters for "free enterprise."

IN ADDITION to the maldistribution of income and savings indicated for 1945, postwar months have witnessed a sharp decline in payrolls, as shown from the following index based on statistics for manufacturing compiled by the Department of Labor:

Year	Factory Payrolls	Consumer Prices	Real Payrolls (*Payrolls in relation to consumer prices*)
1944	100	100	100
1945	83	102	81
1946 (June)	74	106	70

Counting from the wartime peak of 1944, the purchasing power of wages in manufacturing has fallen by thirty percent. And it must be noted that this data goes only through June 1946, not covering the sharp price rises after price control was destroyed at the end of that month. Undoubtedly subsequent figures will show that purchasing power has been even further restricted since June.

Listen to what the *Wall Street Journal* said on Sept. 6, 1946: "Consumer spending is heavy but unbalanced. Individual resources counted on to buy durable goods—such as scarce automobiles and refrigerators—are being dissipated in expensive foods, clothing, amusements and luxuries . . . a full development of these trends could produce what the economists call a recession sometime next year." *Business Week*, in its issue of August 31, 1946, commenting on the stock market even before the latest break on the exchange, had this to say: "Wall Street shows little confidence in the outlook for sustained prosperity—or at least for sustained corporate profits. Inability of stock prices to get anywhere might be ignored. But tumbles such as the one early this week

(*Continued on page* 31)

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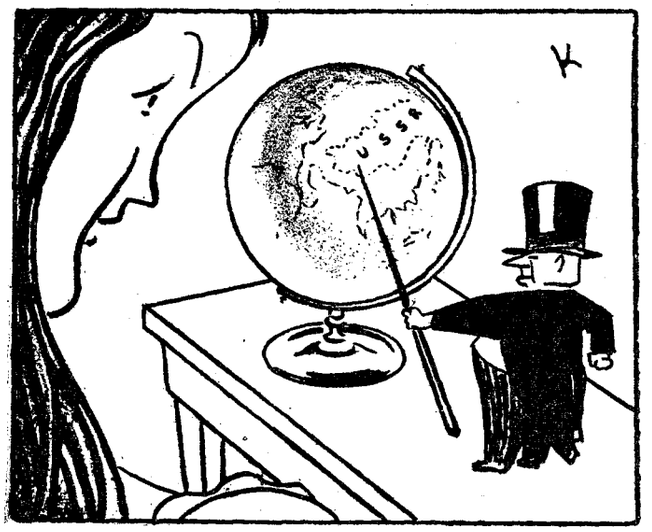
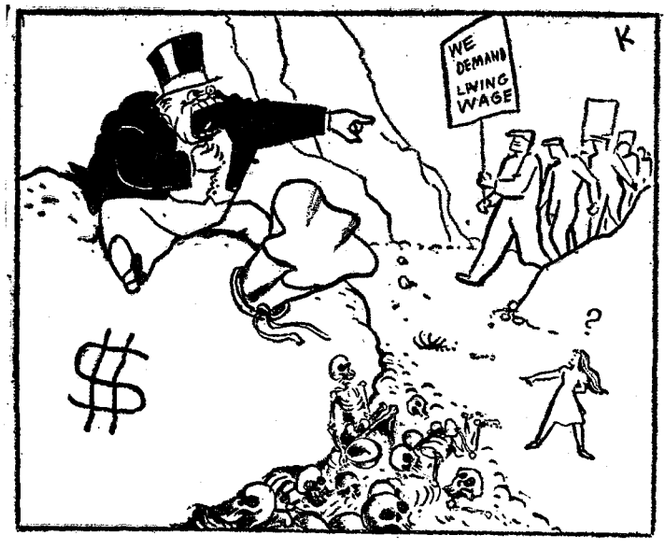
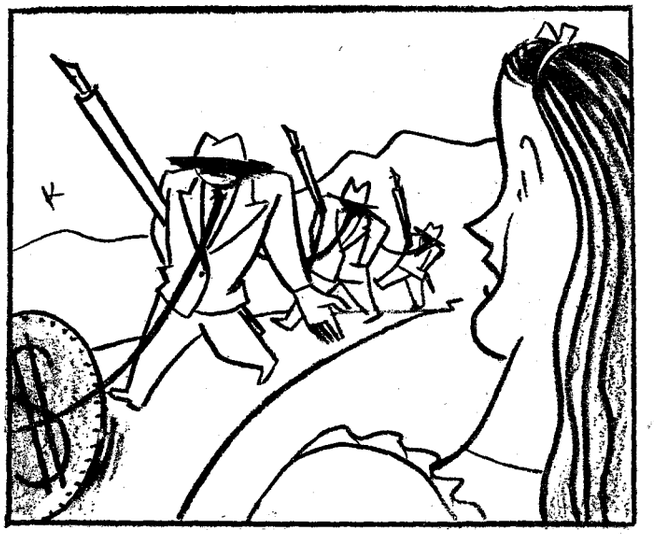
ALICE IN PLUNDERLAND



"My, what a big country," said Alice. "Yes," agreed the Mighty Mind, "but it is collapsing AND growing strong—therefore it is paradoxical and should be discontinued."



"FORCE AND VIOLENCE!" shrieked the Capitalist . . . "FORCE AND VIOLENCE!"



"In this way," explained one of the Writers, "we write more freely, since we are not annoyed by having to see ANYTHING."

"Today," replied the Emcee, "Fine music means fine SOAP!"

by Joseph Konzal

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GREEK TRAGEDY: 1946

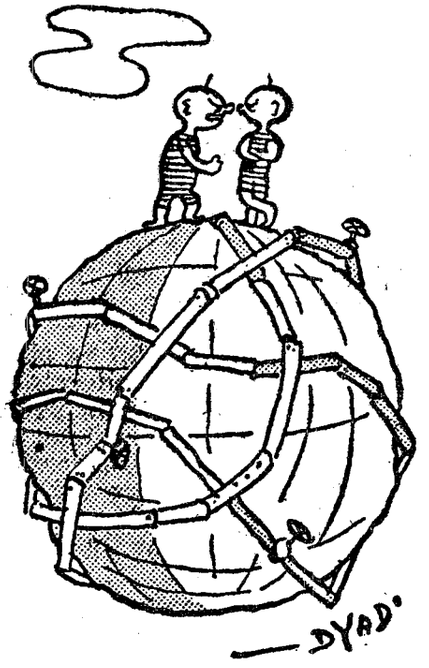
Terror rules in Athens—the real story of the plebiscite conducted by a fascist regime protected by British tanks and American naval guns.

By DEMETRIOS CHRISTOPHORIDES

THE Greek plebiscite was as false as the king it restored and the government which fostered it. The government could not conduct an honest election because it is a by-product of the electoral fraud of last March and, if terror, murder and British bayonets make for a genuine plebiscite then the plebiscite was genuine.

In preparing for the plebiscite there were no authentic electoral lists. Thousands of republicans did not register because many of them are in prison for being republicans; others are in the mountains to avoid the most severe penalties for being active anti-fascists; others are in hiding in the cities, while still others were threatened by gangsters if they dared to register or appear at the polling places. In many provinces ballot boxes were opened and packed with false ballots—a practice in the tradition of the plebiscite of 1935, which brought back the same king. And as if all this falsification were not enough, civil employes and detachments of the military and police voted several times in different districts. To all this the British gave their blessing. When all the facts are available this plebiscite, conducted by notorious quislings and British agents, will go down in the books as one of the most beastly embezzlements ever perpetrated on a heroic people.

Nevertheless, false as the plebiscite was, the Athens gangsters could not completely destroy the expression of republican, anti-monarchist sentiment. The island of Crete, with a population of over 350,000, went republican by more than seventy-two percent; Athens, Piraeus, Salonika, Kavalla, Komotini and Volos also went republican with percentages varying from fifty-one to sixty. As I write (September 4) the republican vote is about 600,000 as against 1,150,000. And it is easy to imagine what the real vote would have been if the plebiscite were truly free, without brutal repression and based on honest electoral lists. Moreover, the monarchists and fascists would have been swept away had there not been American naval guns and British gendarmes to lend moral and actual aid to the criminal regime. Let it be noted that it is not the Communists alone who have protested the monstrous plebiscite. All the democratic parties and movements have done so, including the Sophoulis center republicans, while the EAM has decided to bring the whole matter before the Greek Supreme Court.



London Daily Worker

"What makes you think oil is behind it all?"

The plebiscite naturally settles nothing. The only settlement which will stabilize the political picture and lead Greece towards progress and out of the misery created by the British with the growing help of the American government is one which will recognize that Greece cannot be a British colony. It is a settlement that must be based on the establishment of a coalition government, the granting of a general amnesty, the democratization of the state apparatus and of the armed forces, the establishment of free trade unions, the adoption of a policy of real collaboration with the Balkan countries, equality of collaboration with the leading powers and, finally, *free elections* to determine the regime under which the Greek people want to live.

The issue in Greece is not one of a choice between Communism and monarcho-fascism, even though most of the American press presents it as such. The issue at the core is one between monarcho-fascism and democracy. If it is true, as American newspapers claim, that a vote against the monarchy would have meant the arrival of a Communist government, then they are admitting that the Communists have the majority of votes and not the liberal democratic parties, of which there are several in the country. This will be news to the Communists, who have never claimed more than a strong minority of votes. Even before the fraudulent elections of last March and before last week's plebiscite, the Communists proposed a republican form of government in which they would not demand cabinet posts but the fulfillment of the program I have just indicated and which was outlined by Nicos Zachariades, the Greek Communist leader.

Of course American and British imperialisms prefer other solutions. In order to "save" Greek democracy they have entrusted the job of salvation to a fascist king. The net result is that Washington and London are trampling on the deepest desires of the Greek people to free themselves from foreign control. The diplomats of the British Foreign Office turn blue with anger when the EAM, for example, suggests that Greece have good relations with the Soviet Union on the same basis of equality as it would determine its relations with the United States, Great Britain and the smaller powers. If the Greeks had a people's government there would not be a single major or minor question—territorial, political, or economic—that could not be solved quickly. As it is, the monarcho-fascist regime, bolstered by

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Whitehall and the State Department, is distorting all issues in order to create friction not only among the leading powers but between Greece and her neighbors. The present Athens regime cannot claim a genuine interest in the fate of Greeks in Northern Epirus when it imprisons those who demand a union of the island of Cyprus with Greece. For Cyprus is a British colony the majority of whose people are Greece. For Cyprus is a British colony fascists would not attempt to offend their British protectors.

It is no secret to any democratic Greek that the present government of terror and murder is acting strictly on plans prepared by the British with the support of American imperialists. During the hearings before the Security Council, Dmitri Manuilsky, the Ukrainian representative, showed photographs in which British officers are posing together with such notorious Greek assassins as Gregory Sourlas, who only a few weeks ago murdered a prominent Greek journalist. Although the British promised that they would leave Greece after the March elections and then again after the plebiscite, they now state that they will not withdraw until the Greek government declares that it can do without British protection. Since the present Athens government would not last a month if the British retired, the logical conclusion is that the British will stay on until they are driven out. For the fact of the matter is that with the return of the King civil war will start and spread, creating disturbances throughout the Balkan peninsula.

This is the rotten fruit of imperialist policy that has already cost so much in blood and will cost more unless the Greek people receive their inalienable right to rule themselves. Needless to say the American government's hands are becoming dirtier and dirtier in this dirty business. The sending of a naval flotilla to influence the outcome of the plebiscite is but one example of how deeply involved the State Department is. Nothing but the most widespread pressure against this outrageous conduct can halt the American imperialists from committing even greater crimes.

Sen. Rankest Says:

"Just say I'm spending my vacation puttering around in my old work clothes."

portside patter

by BILL RICHARDS

News Item: Hearst papers accuse Soviet Embassy of spreading Communist propaganda among New York grammar school children.

EASTBROOK O'DONNELL REPORTS

There is no doubt that inroads have been made on the political thinking of our school children. It is not uncommon to see them handing out pamphlets with one hand and holding up their diapers with the other. Several of the more precocious students have already started growing beards.

Our children are being subjected to distorted fairy tales and subversive nursery rhymes. One tot of a girl told her parents that Little Red Riding Hood was a Colonel-General in the Soviet Cavalry. In one little red school house the pupils were informed that Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves worked for the Du Ponts.

The Soviet Embassy is also spreading the story that old Mother Hubbard's cupboard was bare because we have an inadequate OPA. The crowning point was reached when one piece of literature claimed that the beanstalk Jack grew was nothing compared to what they had under the Five Year Plan.

Alfred Gold, one of the children under investigation, admitted that he was known in the second grade as "Commissar" Gold. Angrily waving a red lollipop, he denied any relation to the Moscow golds.

●

The Hearst press is also campaigning against literature "catering to the most loathsome instincts of morons." Is it possible that the Hearst papers are finally suffering an attack of conscience?

●

Coney Island will end the season with a gigantic fireworks display. No doubt the DAILY NEWS *will report mysterious rockets coming from the direction of Soviet Russia.*

●

One of the New Zealand delegates complains that he has to listen to "quack, quack, quack," at the Paris Conference. This might be the diplomatic way of ducking basic issues.

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WASHINGTON MEMO By Virginia Gardner

AFTER the job he did in Paris, it is expected that Drew Pearson may even bolster up his column with some "liberal" items. From the virulence of his anti-Soviet tales from Paris, he may cut loose with something pretty daring which Mr. Byrnes might not even like. This, at least, is the basis on which he works, as it was described here by one of his employes who, by way of defending his boss, went about Washington not so many months ago explaining just why Pearson broke the story of the so-called Russian spies in Canada. It was like this, the Pearson scribe explained to many of his news sources in labor and progressive circles: J. Edgar Hoover asked Drew to use the story, and how could he turn him down? After all, the business works both ways. Pearson's story, broadcast February 3, broke about two weeks before any arrests were announced in Canada.

A MEMBER of the Senate Special Committee Investigating the National Defense Program (the Mead committee) replied, when I asked him if the committee had any intention of going after the "big ones" who would make the Garsson case look like chicken-feed:

"Why, you don't think that we'd get that kind of support from the press if we did anything like that, do you?" Then he went on to say that while he had no defense for the Garsson firms, he couldn't see that the record showed they did anything illegal or anything that wasn't done by war contractors *generally*. "*But the newspapers had a* wonderful time with it."

O. MAX GARDNER, Undersecretary of the Treasury, whom the President is considering as chairman of the new Atomic Energy Control Commission, according to the Associated Press "likely would have strong Senate support as a 'businessman' appointee." Gardner, according to David Lawrence's *United States News*, "is at this time becoming a highly important adviser to President Truman, with White House access through John Snyder, Treasury Secretary. Mr. Gardner is a conservative influence."

I remember interviewing Gardner late in 1942 at the time he was reliably reported around Washington to be the principal big gun in a quiet behind-the-scenes conspiracy to saddle the Ruml plan on the taxpayers. Some columnist had been brash enough to suggest it. O. Max was then only an ex-governor of North Carolina and big-time lobbyist for shipping interests, textile mills, and the assorted diversions of Wall Street's John W. Hanes. Gardner fingered his bright but not gaudy necktie and told me, "He says I'm a lobbyist for the Ruml plan. He doesn't name me, but I'm a former Southern governor. It doesn't offend me. I am interested in a modified Ruml plan—but not selfishly."

He was, like his good friend Sen. Walter F. George, chairman of the Senate Finance Committee, "for a sales tax only as a last resort—but if we have to raise the money and it's necessary, I'm for it."

At that time Gardner was, among other things, a director of the Sperry Gyroscope Co., owner of the Cleveland Cloth Mills at Shelby, N. C. and other open-shop mills, counsel for the Cotton Textile Institute and close friend of its president, Claudius T. Murchison, advisor to the Rayon Yarn Producers Assn., and ex-Democratic national committeeman.

Hanes also plugged in speeches, and otherwise, the plan devised by Beardsley Ruml under which if a person's income was in enough digits it could be juggled around and big loopholes found for tax-evaders. And he espoused a retail sales tax, too. Hanes, also from Winston-Salem, home of Reynolds tobacco, has many interests. A director and finance chairman of the International Mercantile Marine Co., a director and chairman of operations of the US Lines, he also became a director and chairman of the finance committee of American Newspapers Inc., and the Hearst Corp. He has sent many clients to Gardner, such as the US Lines. When pressure was put on the late President Roosevelt to put a Wall Street man on the Securities & Exchange Commission, Gardner and others put in their bid for Hanes. He later was Undersecretary of Treasury. As senior partner of Smith, Barney & Co., formerly Charles D. Barney & Co., successor to Jay Cooke & Co., he was even closer to the Reynolds tobacco empire since Smith, Barney are its bankers. Under the tutelage of his friend Jay Cooke III, who was chairman of the Republican city committee of Philadelphia, home office of Smith, Barney, Hanes went to the Republican national convention in 1940 to back

"Unaccustomed as I am to public speaking . . ."

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Wendell Willkie, and later became a national leader of the Anti-Third Term Democrats.

North Carolinians are thick as peas in a pod in Washington and include Lindsay Warren, comptroller general, Chairman Robert Doughton of the House Ways and Means Committee, Sen. Josiah Bailey, of the Senate Finance Committee, and many others in powerful posts.

"And are you any relation to the North Carolina Gardners?" O. Max asked me sweetly, I recall. "Or the Gardners from Virginia?"

"No," I replied just as sweetly, "the Gardners from Arkansas."

He cooled perceptibly. "That's mighty interestin'," he said without enthusiasm. And it wasn't long after that until he was telling me that he was a great believer in "American initiative," and that he wanted to spread the cost of the war over a longer period than the Treasury would "to make it easier for the working man." And he grumbled: "We can't make ourselves over into a totalitarian government overnight. Real progress only comes slowly. That's why Roosevelt's losing out—all this rationing." The "next President" after the war, he said, "is going to run on a tax reduction program." It was clear he didn't mean FDR.

But just to show he hadn't entirely abandoned the ship he showed me a letter he had sent to Roosevelt at Christmas, along with a pair of pajamas from the parachute nylon developed by Du Pont. He told me also how he helped the Negroes of his state, and how everything was so nice for them—they had nice schools, of their own, of course. The state had fine insane asylums, too, he soliloquized.

Hanes, the other spearhead of the pro-sales tax lobbyists who settled for a modified Ruml plan, now heads the Citizens National Committee, Inc., which gets out virtual tons of literature on legislation—expensive stuff on full employment, housing, etc.

If Gardner should be given the Atomic Energy Control Commission post and call on his pal Hanes for advice, it would mean running the commission in a "nonpartisan" way all right—just as our foreign policy is, with Sen. Arthur Vandenberg and Secretary Byrnes speaking as one voice, that of the big imperialists, against the democratic peoples of the world.

COMMUNIST ANNIVERSARY

An editorial by JOSEPH NORTH

Not so long ago, as history reckons time, there were men in this land called Abolitionists. Defamed during their days, they lived to see a nation grateful for their efforts to eradicate the blot of chattel slavery. But in those years when they braved the wrath of the mighty intrenched, there was no lie too wild, no charge too brazen to plunge into the newspapers of that time about them.

Hitler repeated this pattern in our time, coolly, deliberately evoking the Big Lie as one of his instruments to seize power. Today, in America's season of political double-dealing in highest office, falsehood flies through the land on supersonic wings. And this time, like Hitler, the people's enemies single out the Communists for a top priority attention. Wild-eyed in their assaults upon the people's will, as summarized by the Roosevelt program, the Big Money levels its sights at the Communists, whose record proves them to be the staunchest protagonists for a peaceful America, secure, tending its democracy with the infinite care that requires. The device, called Red-baiting, is wielded as a highwayman swings his blackjack. The loot in view is greater than even your pocketbook: it is your intelligence.

In a few days the Communist Party of this country will observe its twenty-seventh birthday. We recommend to all Americans that they study the record—a sensible approach, as one Al Smith himself recommended. Not the record as cooked up by chattel Hearstlings or National Association Manufacturers ideologues, but the record as you will find it at primary sources. New Yorkers would do well to come to Madison Square Garden, September 19, and hear the program of the Party presented by its own leaders, men like William Z. Foster, identified with labor for four decades, like Bob Thompson, veteran of the New Guinea campaign, where he was awarded the Congressional medal for valor, men like Councilmen Benjamin J. Davis, Jr., and Peter Cacchione.

These are men who carry on in the tradition of such nineteenth century Communists as August Willich and Joseph Weydemeyer, who joined the Union army and won distinction as officers in the epic conflict to rescue our nation from slavery. It is high time all honest Americans discover that the Communists of today have indigenous roots, and much in common with the Abolitionists of an earlier time.

The record is there for eyes that will see, in order to judge what the Communists have done in the twenty-seven years of their existence as a political party. You will find no significant advances in our national existence in which they do not figure. If you search your memory, or look back into newspaper files, you will discover that not even the NAM-minded publishers could conceal the record of those who first raised the standards for unemployment relief and social insurance in the dark Hoover days of hunger, when the Communists galvanized the unemployed and helped them win some measure of consideration.

You will discover who first posed a realistic program to combat the bestial way of life Jim Crow imposed in the South, by studying the record of the Scottsboro case, that cause celebre which advanced America's consciousness of racism's horrors. The record too will show who first advanced the ideas of industrial unionism, and were among the foremost to organize the harrassed and underpaid workers in the mass production industries, organization that led to the birth of the CIO. The record will show what the Communists did to combat the encroachments of fascism, and how three thousand Communists fought for Republican Spain, twelve hundred of them never to return.

It is high time, and more, that Americans learn who the Communists are, what Marxism in reality is; and as a beginning, in studying the record, we urge all New Yorkers to come to Madison Square Garden, September 19. We know that all New York readers of NEW MASSES will be there, and we urge them to bring their friends who seek truth in these troubled days.

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WHAT GERMAN COMMUNISTS ARE DOING

A first-hand report by an American on their work, progress and the tremendous difficulties they face. The need for practical assistance.

By ARTHUR KAHN

THE recent hounding and arrests of Bavarian Communists came as no surprise to many of us who had been in Germany as American soldiers or in positions where we could follow the general development of the occupation. It was apparent to us that the original failure of Military Government to foster an active anti-fascism in the American zone would lead inevitably to American entanglement with German reaction and right-wing Social Democracy and to eventual open discrimination against German Communists and other progressives.

At the very beginning of the occupation in the spring of 1945, Military Government had a unique opportunity to promote a healthy political life and to eliminate the vestiges of fascism. Germany was a political vacuum. But the ban on all political activity merely continued this vacuum. Inasmuch as the ban was considered by most MG officers to include the *Antifa* (anti-fascist) committees set up by German progressives (often led by German Communists) to aid in denazification, even this healthful political development came to an end.

MG was theoretically not supposed to choose civil officials according to their political affiliations, since political parties were not recognized. But I was in Munich in July 1945, when there was much haggling concerning the representation to be given to each of the pre-1933 political parties in the municipal council. The irony was that political leaders were appointed to positions but were not allowed to act as responsible representatives of the anti-fascist parties. Thus from the very beginning of the occupation, no attempt was made to charge German democratic parties and organizations with direct responsibility—under MG supervision—for the reorganization of German society.

Having failed to organize anti-fascist political parties and trade unions, the American occupation authorities were forced to carry out denazification of government and industry themselves. In this task they failed, and the denazification program was turned over to the provincial Minister-Presidents. A law was formulated that went beyond the American program, provided it were administered by proven anti-fascists. However, the removal of those who could most effectively administer the law placed it in the hands of those opposed to real denazification. There is, then, the greatest danger that this law will become a mockery if it continues to be administered by representatives of the reactionary Christian Social Union Party. There is every possibility that the law, instead of serving to punish the Nazis, will be used to whitewash them.

Redeployment hit us hard. MG personnel was sent home more rapidly than replacements could be provided. Those who remained adopted a devil-take-it attitude and gave German officials a free hand. In effect, many country areas actually passed out of American control.

And then we brought "democracy." The Germans were to replace American-appointed local officials by men of their own choice before MG withdrew. About eighty-five percent of the Germans voted in the first elections this past January—nothing unusual in German elections. But the large turnout was hailed as a great victory for democracy. The Americans were showing Europe what democracy was. And so it was that less than a year after the Americans took over and before the American zone had been denazified or any basic ideological reorientation had been accomplished, Germans in that zone were given the chance to choose their own officials. The elections have been repeated one after another in larger and larger communities with the general result that the anti-fascists have even greater difficulties to overcome—difficulties created by the victory of the conservative and reactionary forces.

The American occupation had failed to deprive reaction of its sources of strength. There has been no land reform and the *vons und zus* still have their estates and prestige. Nazi industrialists and businessmen have not been deprived of their property and holdings and consequently retain great potential power. In addition, with American connivance the Catholic Church has embarked on a bold campaign to become the great political power.

In sum, then, the occupation has consisted of two phases: the first, when we tried to exercise extensive control without the cooperation of anti-fascist groups; and the second, the present phase, of withdrawal and transfer of responsibility to the conservative German administrations. The danger of a resurgence of German fascism is still present. The struggle against it is now in the hands of the German anti-fascists themselves: the German Communists and the leaders of the class-conscious German workers, the very people MG is now jailing, when it is not merely restricting their activity.

TODAY the German Communists are the people in Germany most completely committed to the eradication of fascism and the establishment of democracy. They are the group that suffered most from the fascists and they have no sentimental or economic ties to any of the institutions or philosophies which paved the way for fascism. In addition, the Communist Party is recognized by Germans as the bitterest opponent of Nazism. Unlike the right-wing leaders of the Social Democratic Party, it fights, as in the Soviet zone, against any factionalism, sure to play again into the hands of reaction; and in addition, it urges the organization of a unified working-class party and unity of all the anti-fascists to assure the establishment of democracy on a firm national basis. Unlike the Christian and liberal parties, it favors a ruthless denazification that will remove all those bearing prime responsibility for the rise of Nazism from positions of influence or economic leadership. Unlike all the other parties, it lends no support to the anti-Soviet hysteria and Western bloc demagogy that aims at splitting the Western democracies from the USSR.

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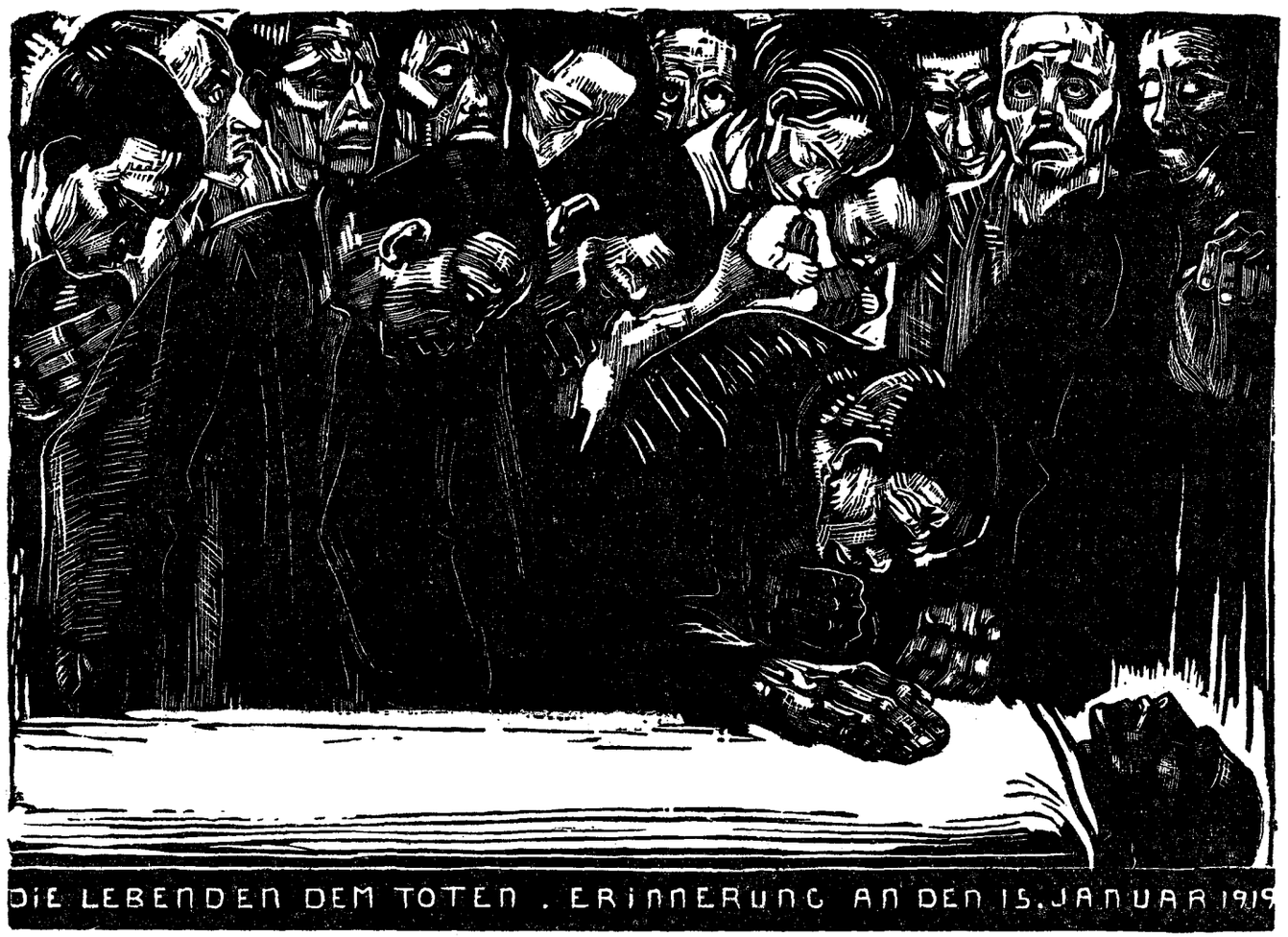
The speeches that I have heard and the platforms that I have read of the German Communists express ideas and programs that would receive the support of any American progressive, Communist or non-Communist. The official program issued last year in a ten point proclamation is a guarantee against the resurgence of German reaction and a guide to the democratic regeneration of the country. The proclamation calls for, among other things, the eradication of all remnants of Nazism, with denazification of public offices and trial of war criminals; the establishment of democratic rights and freedoms and of a democratic legal system; the equality of all citizens, regardless of race, before the law; establishment of democratic civil administrations; reconstitution of the free trade unions and of the anti-fascist democratic parties; protection of workers against arbitrary action of employers and against exploitation; election of workers' committees in factories; confiscation of property of Nazi bosses and war criminals; breaking up of Junkers' estates and division of land among the peasants; nationalization of public utilities; cultivation of a democratic and free spirit in education; peaceful collaboration with other nations; recognition of Germany's duty to compensate for the damage done to other nations by Hitler's aggression.

These points are reiterated by the Communists all over Germany. But they are not just theoretical politicians; they are the *dynamic* democratic force in Germany. The peasants of Butzbach, for example, have their immediate problems in connection with Germans returning from the East. The Communist Committee on Agricultural Affairs can tell them how the problem can be solved. For it knows what Nazi holdings there are to be confiscated and what estates can be divided up to receive these people.

To lead this anti-fascist struggle there is a cadre of capable Communist leaders who have come out of Nazi concentration camps or internment camps in Switzerland. The leadership of the present Communist Party in the American zone includes such men as Emil Carlebach, imprisoned in 1933 at the age of eighteen and liberated at the age of thirty from Buchenwald, now editor of one of the two newspapers in Frankfurt and member of the Communist Central Committee in Greater Hesse; Leo Bauer, thirty-two, who sat two years in solitary confinement in Dachau, now member of the Greater Hesse Parliament and member of the Communist Party provincial Central Committee; Albrecht Buchmann, former Reichstag Deputy, who with his wife spent the entire Nazi period in a concentration camp, now head of the Communist Party in Baden-Wuerttemburg and organizer of the Stuttgart Works Council. As a result of his efforts this city has accomplished perhaps the most rapid reconstruction in the American zone.

These leaders are familiar with the reasons for their failure in 1933 and are planning new strategy and approaches. They allow for no factionalism, no personal issues or differences, no breastbeating at past errors. It has been their task to organize scattered



"In Memory of Karl Liebknecht," woodcut by Kathe Kollwitz. Courtesy of H. Bittner & Co., publishers.

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old members, recruit new leaders and establish contact with the masses. By cultivating a calm approach to problems, by assuming reasonable goals, setting up detailed practical programs, eliminating sectarianism, they are succeeding in overcoming a great deal of hostility. It is a tribute to the talents and perseverance of these leaders—the most efficient and best disciplined of all party leaders in Germany—that the Communist Party in the American zone has been able to poll about as many votes in the recent elections as it polled in the same areas before 1933. And Communist Party influence, because of its program, is growing steadily among non-Communists.

Although the Communists have been distinguishing themselves by their capable organization and hard work, they have been under severe handicaps. The decimation of the old leadership has resulted in a shortage of Party organizers; those remaining are very much overworked. The Party suffers, too, from the lack of contact with the outside world during the twelve years of Hitlerism. The inability of the Party to provide Marxist training to youth during the last decade has resulted in a limited reservoir of youthful leadership, especially important now since the mass of youth provide the best field for recruitment and for reeducation.

The difficulties to be overcome with the German masses, in general, demand constant patient effort. For twelve years the German people had been victims of intensive, unceasing anti-Communist and anti-Soviet propaganda. Difficulties are being encountered, also, with the occupation authorities. A year ago I frequently met MG officers who expressed admiration for the Communists, "who could always be counted on to get things done." Needless to say, expressions of sympathy for the Communists have become rare or non-existent since it has become dangerous for an American to be suspected of sympathy for Communists. Constant watch is kept over the movements of Communists, frequent raids are made on their homes, they are arrested on any pretext, are continually hampered and are now being removed from positions they had been given during the period MG was forming coalitions in the civil administrations.

Many Germans are not surprised at American discrimination against Communists. They associate MG opposition to the Communists with the anti-Soviet political activities of the American State Department, considering these policies as vindication of Goebbels' propaganda. The Churchill-Western Bloc philosophy carried into effect by the overt support given the right-wing Social Democratic leader, Schumacher, by the British has provided new avenues of attack on the Communists. The Church, the right wing Social Democrats and the old line "liberals," unwilling and unable to match the practical, clear program of the Communists, have taken to maligning them in much the same way Goebbels did.

●

THE TANK

Normandy, June 1944.

The sand of the road
Is hot in the sun
In the vacant afternoon.
A sign says
"Mines cleared to shoulder."
The field beyond is green and tawny,
Deep with grasses,
Fenced with wire.
The sign on the wire says
"*Achtung. Minen.*"
"Attention. Mines."
Perhaps there are no mines at all?
It is best not to experiment.
No one ventures into the field.

The tank sits alone,
Grasses tall around it,
Cannon pointing into France,
The Channel at its back.
There are no wounds visible.
Perhaps there are mines after all;
Perhaps the belly of the tank
Was gutted from below.

The crew of the tank is silent.
At their posts, the tankmen
Sit together quietly,
A good roof over their heads.
The rusted metal drinks the sun,
And the breeze from the Channel
Brings the smell of the men to the road.
It is three weeks since D-Day.

It is not good for us
To think about them
Sitting lonely in the sun and storm,
Or to smell them on the road.
But the sign says
"*Achtung. Minen.*"
And the engineers are busy elsewhere,
And the rye grass ripples across the field,
And the water is blue beyond it,
And we stand on the road
And look at the tank.

JULES ALAN WEIN.

THE fight against reaction and compromise—at best a tough fight—is getting tougher for the reasons I have just given and as the entire international scene becomes more involved. I have been told by Communists all over the American zone that the struggle is especially hard because German Communists and progressives are not permitted to know of the opposition in the United States against the State Department's anti-Soviet maneuvering in Germany and against the growing disregard for the original anti-fascist purpose of the occupation. It's hard because they feel themselves alone. The Communists of Germany complain that the Communists of America and of other countries did not send greetings to them on May Day. And this to German Communists is important because the Social Democrats of France and England are constantly sending congratulatory messages to their counterparts in Germany. This increases right-wing Social Democratic prestige and enhances their anti-Soviet, anti-Communist campaigns.

In addition to American pressure on the State Department to fulfill the Potsdam agreement other assistance and tokens of cooperation can heighten the morale of German progressives and Communists. If the chairman of the Communist Committee on Land Reform in Munich could say to the members of his committee on a night when they had to work late: "Here's a cup of coffee, real coffee, sent by anti-fascists from Boston," I know those men would not notice that they were weak from protracted hunger.

And if the members of the Central Committee of Greater Hesse (a province in the American zone) had received some cans of fat, I think they might have been able to continue the terrific pace of speaking at two or three meetings daily during the elections held in the American zone—without afterward having had to spend a couple of weeks in bed, ill.

Such assistance does not pose complex problems. And progressives—all progressives, Communist and non-Communist—must be concerned about Germany. In the Western areas American and British imperialism are attempting to make of Germany—and not unsuccessfully—a center of powerful reaction. But there is an energetic, well-led Communist Party, with many allied progressives, fighting against this reaction. They need support in their struggle and we need to support them.

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GEORGIA: TORMENT OF A STATE

"Somehow it seems to me that the future lies in the union of these laborers, white and black, on this soil wet with their blood and tears."

By W. E. B. DU BOIS

This is the second and concluding installment of Dr. Du Bois' article, reprinted by permission of the Liveright Publishing Corp. from the second volume of "These United States," edited by Ernest Gruening. (Boni & Liveright, 1924.)

GEORGIA is beautiful. Yet on its beauty rests something disturbing and strange. Physically this is a certain emptiness and monotony, a slumberous, vague dilapidation, a repetition, an unrestraint. Point by point one could pick a poignant beauty—one golden river, on rolling hill, one forest of oaks and pines, one Bull Street. But there is curious and meaningless repetition until the beauty palls or fails of understanding. And on this physical strangeness, unsatisfaction, drops a spiritual gloom. A certain brooding lies on the land—there is something furtive, uncanny—at times almost a horror. Some folk it so grips that they never see the beauty—the hills to them are haunts of grim and terrible men; the plantations are homes of things that cringe and scream and all the world goes armed with loaded pistols to the hip: concealed, but ready—always ready.

There is a certain secrecy about this world. Nobody seems wholly frank—neither white nor black; neither child, woman nor man. Strangers ask each other pointed, searching questions. "What is your name?" "Where are you going?" "What might be your business?" And they eye you speculatively. Once satisfied, the response is disconcertingly quick. They strip their souls naked before you; there is sudden friendship and lavish hospitality. And yet—yet behind all are the grim bars and barriers; subjects that must not be touched, opinions that must not be questioned. Side by side with that warm human quality called "Southern" stands the grim fact that right here and beside you, laughing easily with you and shaking your hand cordially, are men who hunt men: who hunt and kill in packs, at odds of a hundred to one, under cover of night. They have lynched five hundred Negroes in forty years; they have killed unnumbered white men. There must be living and breathing in Georgia today at least ten thousand men who have taken human life, and ten times that number who have connived at it.

Let us look this human thing squarely in the face without flinching. Georgia has wrought deeds so awful that they can scarcely be told. Down yonder we may go of a silent day, slipping through slim forests, by secret pools and black and silent waters. We cross a gold

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brown river shining like a colored girl's cheek, placid beneath the trees. There the moss triumphs, grips and glares on dead trees that wave their corpses to the bare air; gray cabins crouch beneath the oaks with chimneys of golden clay. Slow indolent towns appear wide, low, long, straggling; and plowed fields, gray and yellow. The towns change from clustered homes to towns of stores, lines of shops leaning against each other. We come to Valdosta, a lank, hot town spread on yellow sand. Near here in 1918, a white farmer was murdered. The murderer was never found, but six or more Negroes were lynched for suspected complicity. The wife of one of these last, Mary Turner, went weeping down the road with an eight-months child in her womb. And as she walked she cried that if she learned the names of that mob she would tell—she would tell. The mob heard and came. They tied her ankles together. They hanged her, head down, to a tree. They took gas and oil from the motor cars round about (they were not the riff-raff, they owned motor cars) and poured it over her and set her afire. They howled as she writhed in flame; and one man rushed forward with a hog knife and slit open her stomach and the unborn child dropped to the ground.

I look around upon these people of Georgia. They are human and commonplace—not gods or devils. They are the same sort of folk all the world is made of. Here is a white man in overalls, truculent but kind; a scrawny young "red neck" chewing, ignorant but not essentially bad; there is the tired, worried white woman sitting on her porch, with care and yearning in her face; her daughter is white and gold and beautiful and idle. Here is a colored washerwoman with great feet and misshapen hands and the eyes of God's mother. Here is the man of the world who knows it all and owns it all. These people are caught in the evil web of the world, just as millions have been caught before. Their struggle to work and live has been complicated by hateful memories and deliberate selfish greed. The natural forces of redeeming human nature which ever strive to unleash the soul from evil—these forces are themselves in leash. What can the forces for uplift and reform do in Georgia?

Of religion as it exists in present-day Georgia one may well despair. Georgia is already religious to overflowing. Everyone belongs—must belong—to some church, and really to "belong" one should be Presbyterian or Baptist or Methodist. Episcopalians are unusual, Unitarians gravely suspect, Catholics and Jews feared and hated. But all these are within the range of understanding or misunderstanding. The hottest of Hell-fire is reserved for any so unspeakable as to hold themselves free-thinkers, agnostics or atheists. Georgia's religion is orthodox, "fundamental." It deals in Biblical texts and phrases—not in living actualities. It washes its "miserable sinners" in "the blood of the lamb," but the blood of the mob's victim lies silent at its very doors. But outside of the church religion has its uses. When the Ku Klux Klan sent out its official instructions to delegates to the state convention, the Grand Dragon said, "It is the earnest desire of Mr. McAdoo to elect his friend, Mr. John S. Cohen, as National Committeeman. Mr. Cohen is a high class Christian gentleman, a member of the North Presbyterian Church of Atlanta." No, there is little hope in Georgia religion despite a light here and there.

NEVERTHELESS, there are brave men in Georgia, men and women whose souls are hurt even to death by this merciless and ruthless exploitation of race hatred. But what can they do? It is fairly easy to be a reformer in New York or Boston or Chicago. One can fight there for convictions and while it costs to oppose power, yet it can be done. It even gains some applause and worthwhile friends. But in Atlanta? The students of white Emory College recently invited a student of black Morehouse College to lead a YMCA meeting. It was a little thing—almost insignificant. But in Georgia it was almost epoch-making. Ten years ago it would have meant riot. Today it called for rare courage. When the Southern Baptists met in Atlanta recently, they did not segregate Negro visitors. Such a thing has seldom if ever happened before in Georgia. It is precisely the comparative insignificance of these little things that shows the huge horror of the problem—the bitter fight between Georgia in 1924 and civilization.

Some little things a liberal public opinion in Georgia may start to do, although the politico-economic alliance stands like a rock wall in the path of real reform. A determined group called "interracial" asks for changes. Most of them would mean by this the stopping of lynching and mobbing, decent wages, the abolition of personal insult based on color. Most of them would not think of demanding the ballot for blacks or the abolition of Jim Crow cars or civil rights in parks, libraries and theaters or the right of a man to invite his black friend to dinner. Some there are who in their souls would dare all this, but they may not whisper it aloud—it would spoil everything; it would end their crusade. Few of these reformers yet fully envisage the economic nexus, the real enemy encased in enormous profit. They think reform will come by right thinking, by religion, by higher culture, and do not realize that none of these will work their end effectively as long as it pays to exalt and maintain race prejudice.

Of the spiritual dilemmas that face men today I know of none more baffling than that which faces the conscientious, educated, forward-looking white man of Georgia. On the one hand is natural loyalty to what his fathers believed, to what his friends never question; then his own difficulty in knowing or understanding the black world and his inbred distrust of its ability and real wish; there is his natural faith in his own ability and the ability of his race; there is the subtle and continuous propaganda—gossip, newspapers, books, sermons and "science"; there is his eager desire to see his section take a proud place in the civilized world. There is his job, his one party, his white primary—his social status so easily lost if he is once dubbed a "nigger lover." Facing all this is lynching, mob murder, ignorance, silly self-praise of people pitifully degenerate in so many cases, exploitation of the poor and weak and insult, insult, insult heaped on the blacks.

Thus Georgia reaps the whirlwind. Yet the Voice, the eternal Voice rises and sings in this wilderness. The present travesty cannot endure. It is a denial of the fundamental tenets of Christianity, a repudiation of the veriest elementals of fair play and equality of opportunity that one likes to think of as American. Yet it is not from these contradictions but from the economic paradox that change is likely to come.

SUPPOSE a man of the people, that is, of the white people, arose in Georgia and said: "We are being exploited, tremendously and shamelessly. The great mass of workers lack even the primitive protection of modern days such as limited hours of labor, safeguards for women and children in in-

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dustry and from industry. It is worthwhile to arouse the workers and get them to vote in better industrial conditions." What would happen? There was once such a man in Georgia, Tom Watson. He tried to unite labor. He organized the Populist Party in Georgia and invited the blacks to help. It was a critical situation that developed in the early nineties when it was increasingly difficult to keep the Negro disfranchised illegally and yet not possible to disfranchise him legally. In the first campaign it was easy to beat the Populists by the fraud of "counting them out." Immediately thereafter the captains of industry mobilized. By newspaper, by word of mouth, by lodge communications, it was conveyed to the white workers that not only would Negroes benefit from any attempt to better the present industrial situation, but they would gradually displace the white workers by underbidding them; that any benefits for white workers must come secretly and in such a way that Negroes could not share in the benefits. Thus immediately the emphasis was put on race discrimination. And this race difference grew and expanded until in most cases the whole knowledge and thought of the workers and voters went to keeping Negroes down, rather than to raising themselves.

Internal dissension in the labor ranks followed. The Negroes were then blamed for not voting solidly with white labor; for selling out to capital; for underbidding labor. The whole movement swung into intense Negro hatred; and the net result was that the white labor vote was swung completely into a movement finally and completely to disfranchise the Negro labor. The mob shot down Watson's Negro leaders* in their tracks and the only way in which he could survive politically was to out-Herod Herod in his diatribes against Negroes and in coining new variants of appeals to prejudice by attacks on Catholics and Jews. To his death he kept a dangerous political power and even reached the United States Senate, but with his labor party cut in two and forced into additional disfranchisement by the "White Primary," he could never again seriously menace the "machine."

A second way toward emancipation may lie through dissension in the high seats of power. When in Cleveland's day Hoke Smith opposed "free silver" he was read out of Georgia democracy and his path to the United States Senate was blocked. Immediately he espoused the cause of "labor" and made a frontal attack on capital and the great corporations of Georgia. The white labor vote flocked to him and instead of the "White Primary" being the ordinary parade, a bitter internal political fight developed. Smith and his opponents quickly came to terms. In the midst of the campaign Smith dexterously switched his attack on monopoly to an attack on Negroes as the cause of monopoly and since this old game had often been played, he played it harder and more fiercely. He went so far that the state was aroused as never before. Race bitterness seethed, and white labor took the bit into its teeth. It de-

* For four years (1882-86) the Populist Party did forge real poor white-Negro unity in Georgia. Democratic Party mobs succeeded in killing many Negro Populist organizers, but others were saved by hundreds and thousands of armed Negro-white farmers and workers who served as their bodyguards.—*Ed.*

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manded economic disfranchisement of the Negro to follow political. The Negro must be kept from buying land, his education must be curtailed, his occupations limited.

This was overshooting the mark and destroying the whole bi-racial labor situation upon which the Secret Empire of Georgia is based. Quick action was needed. The minds of the mob must be turned again and turned from political and economic thought to pure race hatred. Immediately the sex motif arose to leadership. All subconsciously, sex hovers about race in Georgia. Every Negro question at times becomes a matter of sex. Voting? They want social equality. Schools? They are after our daughters. Land? They'll rape our wives. Continually the secrecy, the veiled suggestion, the open warning pivots on sex; gossip rages and horrible stories are spread. The ignorant, the superstitious feed on such flame and go mad with anger and hate. There is something horrible in the air that swells at times and bursts. The world goes stark mad.

The Leo Frank case of more recent date was a natural product, if a slight variant, of a soil never weeded of its medieval superstitions and long fertilized with racial hate. Fantastic and lurid tales, a legal lynching, an actual mob murder, the "better people" rushing in their limousines to the undertaker's to view the battered corpse. The chivalric motif present, of course. Georgian manhood had defied Georgia law to avenge a woman, and when the crush of approving and gloating Atlantans became perilous the mayor of the city himself was on the job to leap to the low roof of the undertaking shop and beseech the crowd "in the fair name of Atlanta" not to "jostle the ladies."

It was a novel experience for the Jews in Georgia and America, and the whole country was shocked. But the Negroes had long been living under the terror. So it had been at the culmination of the Hoke Smith campaign. All restraint was suddenly swept away and submerged in wild stories of rape and murder. Atlanta papers rushed out extra editions, each with a new horror afterward proved wholly fictitious or crassly exaggerated. On a Saturday night the white Atlanta laborers arose and murdered every Negro they could catch in the streets. For three days war and rapine raged—then the streets of the Empire City sank into awful silence. Hoke Smith became governor and senator, and the industrial and political system was intact. So, too, ten years later Hugh Dorsey rose to the governorship on the bones of the mob's victim.

The terror under which the Negroes live is no abstract thing. It is no exceptional misfortune that picks an isolated and perhaps not wholly undeserving victim. On the contrary it is the self-respecting, the thrifty, the successful colored man who is its shining target. Their way is thorny as that of no other in this land of ours. Let me refer to one instance based on the published authority of the governor of Georgia.

A Negro of about sixty years of age had bought ten years ago a farm of 140 acres and lived there with his wife and twelve children. He had educated three of his daughters, who were teaching school. He owned mules, horses, a cow and thirty-five hogs. During the war he bought a thousand dollars worth of Liberty Bonds and the white newspapers praised him. But he lived neighbor to an illiterate white man and the white man grew angry at the colored man's prosperity. A dispute arose over the boundary line and one Saturday when the Negro came to town the marshal arrested him without a warrant, struck him in the face and knocked him down. Other white men rushed at him and choked and beat him. His two daughters started to help him. One was kicked in the stomach and the three, together with a son, were all locked in jail. The girl who had been kicked was deathly sick and lay moaning and begging for medical aid for herself and her father, but they were left locked up all night without attention and ignorant of the charge against them. They were tried in the superior court and the father was sentenced to twelve months on the chain gang and a fine of $250. The girls were fined fifty dollars each and the son $100. While the family was in jail, a mob, led by the town marshal, went to the house in the night and shot into it with their guns. "Next morning the woman with her children fled from her home never to return."

And yet there is steady progress—upstream. In truth there can be no successful economic change in Georgia without the black man's aid. First of all the Negroes are property holders. Sixty years after slavery and despite everything, Georgia Negroes own 2,000,000 acres of land, a space nearly as large as the late kingdom of Montenegro. Their taxable property saved from low wages and systematic cheating has struggled up from $12,000,000 in 1890 to over $60,000,000 today; and now and then even the remnant of their political power strikes a blow. Once in Atlanta, for instance, some dozen years ago, the candidate of the "White Primary" who was mayor of the city was found drunk in a bawdy house just before election and was arrested by the police force before they recognized their distinguished prisoner. This proved too much for the city to swallow and in the regular election they threw off their disfranchising vows to the "White Primary" and, assisted by the small number of registered colored voters, elected a decent mayor.

Again but last year in Savannah a fight within the "White Primary" between the corrupt gang and decency gave 1,200 Negro voters the balance of power. Determined efforts were made to intimidate the Negroes. Skull and cross-bones signed by the Ku Klux Klan were posted on the doors of eight of the prominent Negro churches with the legend, "This is a white man's fight; keep away." Warning slips were put under the doors of colored citizens. In vain. The colored voters held their own political meetings, financed their own campaign, went into the election and of their 1,200 votes it was estimated that less than a hundred went for the gang; the reform mayor was elected.

The hills twist and pass. Slowly the climate changes—cold pines replace the yellow monarchs of the South. There is no cotton. From the door of hewn log cabins faces appear—dead white faces and drawn, thin forms. Here live remnants of the poor whites.

I am in the hot, crowded, and dirty Jim Crow car, where I belong. A black woman with endless babies is faring forth from Georgia, north. Two of the babies are sitting on parts of me. I am not comfortable. Then I look out of the window and somehow it seems to me that here in the Jim Crow car and there in the mountain cabin lies the future of Georgia—in the intelligence and union of these laborers, white and black, on this soil wet with their blood and tears. They hate and despise each other today. They lynch and murder body and soul. They are separated by the width of a world. And yet—and yet, stranger things have happened under the sun than understanding between those who are born blind.

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review and comment

THE PASSING OF H. G. WELLS

Age did not freeze the genial current of his soul. His hatred of tyranny burned to the end.

By R. PAGE ARNOT

H. G. WELLS, who died recently in his eightieth year, was one of the best-known writers of the English-speaking world. As a public man, or rather as a man of letters much in the public eye, he attained a celebrity greater than any other writer of fiction since the time of Charles Dickens.

He was a kind of Socialist, and also a kind of liberal, and most frequently took the standpoint of an independent progressive, hating fascism, highly critical of existing institutions and partisan, from his earliest writings, of a World State. He exercised an enormous, if rather vague, influence upon each of the successive younger generations that grew up during this century.

Herbert George Wells, son of a professional cricketer, was born in Bromley, Kent, on Sept. 21, 1866. His widowed mother became a housekeeper in a country mansion; and in his *Tono-Bungay* (1909) he gave an unforgettable picture of the country house and thereby of the history of England in the nineteenth century.

Apprenticed to a drapers' establishment, he gained a scholarship to the Imperial College at South Kensington, where he acquired a sound scientific education. He became a pupil of Thomas Henry Huxley, the biologist and first lieutenant of Charles Darwin. After taking his degree, Wells for some time taught science, and compiled a biological textbook. But by his late twenties he had turned to writing; and with the publication of *The Time Machine* in 1895 he entered on his career as an author. *The Time Machine* was the first of a series of speculations in science, cast in a fictional form. Some of these were short stories (in which Wells, like Kipling, was particularly gifted) and some longer romances. They opened doors into new spheres of the imagination.

Then he took to writing about the life of the lower middle-class of Kent. *Kipps* was the best of this series. Here Wells was in his element; he drew breathing pictures of these helpless and likeable characters, with their snobbery and their aspirations. In the *History of Mr. Polly* (1910), his petty tradesman seeks release from business worries and is left tending a ferry, happy in a lower station of life. The bourgeoisie preferred this book as less unsettling than his other writings.

Later Wells combined the two series in his *War in the Air*, where a familiar Kentish character is suddenly whipped off into armageddon. The climax of these scientific speculations was the description of the atom bomb in *The World Set Free* (1914).

Meanwhile Wells had run his meteoric course across the Fabian skies. He had joined the Fabian Society in 1903, but from 1906 onward, while he wrote *This Misery of Boots* and *New Worlds for Old*, he carried on a campaign against the "Old Gang" for the modernization and expansion of this early constituent of the Labor Party. Defeated by Bernard Shaw's slightly weightier arguments and enormously superior oratorical powers, Wells retired from the lists and set up a political public laundry, as it were, where in such writings as *The New Machiavelli* (1911) he washed everybody else's dirty linen.

Fresh from wounding the feelings of the Fabians, he now proceeded to upset, most boisterously, the conventions of the English middle-class by his novel *Ann Veronica*, the story of a properly-brought-up young woman of the middle-class who took to living in sin and nevertheless did not come to a bad end. There was a universal outcry. Here it was, the dread prophecy of Victorian Lord Tennyson ("Set the maiden fancies wallowing in the trough of Zolaism"). The book was banned from the libraries, and youth was forbidden to open its scrofulous pages—with the result that its circulation bounded up by thousands. Poor offended elders! They little knew what time had in store, with Freudism and D. H. Lawrence and the aftermath of the 1914-19 war.

From this time on Wells dealt more and more with middle-class and upper-class characters, whose discussions of sociological or personal problems formed the true content of his writings.

PROBLEMS of the World State, the contrast between things as they are and as they might be, he hammered out in one novel after another. But the effective bridge between today and tomorrow was always lacking. When the First World War broke out in 1914, Wells immediately became one of the chief Entente propagandists. He coined the slogan "The War to End War," and what Shaw called his "electric wrath at this drilling and trampling foolery" in Central Europe undoubtedly represented the outlook of a majority of the people—but not the outlook of the Foreign Office or of the ruling class. The end of that war brought disillusionment, not only to Wells but to readers to whom he had been the prophet of a new era.

At this point Wells again acquired a

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new reputation—as the author of *The Outline of History* (1920). This rapidly became the standard book of world history, not because it was the best possible (it is far from that), but because it was, and remains, the only one of its kind. The University world histories, written by pedants for pedants, remained unreadable. Wells' evolutionary and post-Biblical account, for all its pathetic middle-class standards, is the only book of its kind. He followed it up with the *Science of Life* (1929), written in collaboration with his son G. P. Wells and Julian Huxley. Though this never attained the enormous circulation of the *Outline of History* it seems to me much better, marking the highest level reached in educational work of this kind before J. B. S. Haldane.

Wells gained celebrity through a series of articles for the *Daily Express* by his journey to Soviet Russia in the autumn of 1920. Munitioned with a hundred hard-boiled eggs, he crossed the "*cordon sanitaire*" and gave the first vividly real account of what was happening in the land of the Soviets, beleaguered and besieged. It was only a moderately fair account. *Russia in the Shadows*, he called it: but in a deeper sense the shadows were in Wells' mind, signally X-rayed through his interview with Lenin.

Here was the partisan of the World State, the critic of old institutions, who had so often demanded a clean slate. Here he was, confronting the man who was the founder of the Soviet state.

Lenin told him of the plan for urban and rural electrification, showed him how "Electricity plus Soviets equals Communism." Wells did not distinguish himself; his skeptical reception of this concrete plan was much the same as any philistine member of his golf-club. Impressed a little in spite of his golf-club, he still headed this chapter "The Dreamer in the Kremlin."

Once more before he died Wells was to visit Moscow, this time to interview Stalin. The story of that 1934 interview, of Shaw's caustic comments on the part played by Wells, the sapient tomfoolery of J. M. Keynes thereupon, and the pretty little crop of letters to the editor of the *New Statesman*, were published by that journal in a pamphlet now hardly procurable. "Stalin," wrote Shaw, "listens attentively and furiously to Wells, taking in his pleadings exactly, and always hitting the nail precisely on the head in his reply. Wells does not listen to Stalin; he only waits with suffering patience to begin again when Stalin stops. Nothing can shake Well's British conviction that Stalin, being a foreigner, and having never attended a meeting of the Institute of International Affairs in St. James's Square, has no grasp of the possibilities of Clissoldism and has had his mind destroyed by a malicious degenerate named Marx."

Wells was incorrigible from the point of view of those Fabians (like Clement Attlee) who hoped he would one day behave "like a Socialist and a gentleman"; but considered equally incorrigible by those who had hoped he would one day finally and irrevocably throw in his lot with reaction. On either side the hopes were vain. Nobody could say what H. G. Wells would do, except that he would retain his youthful capacity of reacting like a frog's leg to public stimuli—and reacting with a kick.

Petty-bourgeois Socialist he might be termed—correctly enough; but how many of that brood, when the fascist Mosley was released, behaved as Wells did, unsparingly pouring out the vials of his wrath? How many of them fought as he did against the suppression of the London *Daily Worker?*

WELLS was a queer mixture. He hated tyranny, he gave wonderful caricature portraits of the ruling class (see Churchill as Sir Rupert Catskill in *Men Like Gods*), and he never lacked courage to express his views. On the other hand he had an extraordinary power of nursing hatred against the dead. He took a most violent dislike to Bonaparte, to Gladstone, and above all to Karl Marx. He had the acuteness to see that unless the class struggle were denied, his views would often look silly. So the class struggle was denied, capitalism was denied and any other accepted category which got in his way was denied.

In his latter years he continuously precipitated on to paper his experiences, thoughts and conversations, swinging about from one view to another, unstable, volatile, but never ceasing to hate the Vatican, the monarchy, the old institutions, the old crusted ways of thought. Age did not freeze the genial current of his soul. On the contrary, to the very end he boiled and bubbled as he had done for over fifty years.

A Man and a Union

THERE COMES A TIME, *by Thomas Bell. Little, Brown.* $2.50.

THOMAS BELL deserves to be more widely known than he is. Bell is one of the very few American novelists whose experience of working-class life is first-hand. His personal history starts in a western Pennsylvania steel town, where, at the age of fifteen, he followed his father into the mills. Afterward he worked as an electrician and a seaman. This early experience has given him a deep and compassionate understanding of everyday, down-to-earth people who work for a living—an understanding that shines through all his books.

It was Thomas Bell's third novel, *All Brides Are Beautiful*, a warm and amusing account of life in the Bronx as lived by a young married couple, which first won him a reputation; it went into six printings and was made into a movie, *From This Day Forward*. Bell next turned to his own steel-town background for the material of *Out of This Furnace*. Then, in *Till I Come Back to You*, he took lower-middle-class life in New York City as his subject once more. In this he tells the story of a draftee's last week-end with a Brooklyn family before he enters the Army. A short and unpretentious book, this last was a minor masterpiece, revealing its characters against their background with an understanding and a mastery of artistic form seldom achieved by other novelists who have attempted thus far to deal with wartime life on the home front.

Now with his sixth novel, Bell tackles a subject—the impact of the labor movement on the unorganized worker—which is still a non-too-familiar theme for novelists, despite its emergence in our literature with the rise of the proletarian school of the 1930's. Certainly *There Comes a Time* is one of the first novels to deal specifically with the problems of organizing white collar workers. Bell attacks them with a warmly human appreciation of their significance.

This is the story of Joel Pane, to whom at the age of forty comes that "time in every man's life when he says to himself, 'I'm getting old'." A bank teller, he lives with his wife Nancy and their two children in a

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typically lower middle-class apartment on New York's 181st street, a long subway ride from his job in downtown Manhattan. Like millions of his kind, growing baldish and stoop-shouldered, he has nothing to look forward to but another twenty years or so of discontent, frustrated by the failure of his youthful ambition. Then comes the union. It changes Joel's life. Spurred on by his devoted wife, he throws himself into the drive to organize his fellow workers. For a long time the drive makes slow headway against their fears and prejudices; but in the end it succeeds. Joel finds a new confidence in himself and others, which carries him into such activities as canvassing to help elect Roosevelt, studying at a labor school and attending dancing classes. His life takes on a new meaning.

Here is a vital theme, and Bell approaches it with an insight which often sharply illumines it. His understanding of the frustrations that poison the lives of people like Joel Pane is acute: ". . . after twenty years in New York, forty years on earth, he still felt himself a transient. . . . It was a lost, lonely sense of having no place where he was truly at home, where he was accepted, where he belonged. . . ." And Bell understands also how much difference the feeling of belonging—such as may arise out of merging one's destiny with the destinies of others, as a man does when he joins a union—may make in the life of one like Joel Pane, when he pictures him shaking his fist at the towers of Wall Street and addressing his thoughts to their masters, the men of Wall Street: " 'I could have been one of you! I'm throwing it in your teeth: I tell you I could have been the equal of any of you! But the price was too high. You've sold your soul to the devil and you're all damned!' "

It is in his expression of such insights as these, insights into the basic meanings of experience, that Thomas Bell succeeds best in bringing his theme to life. It seems important to me to emphasize particularly the instances in which he does succeed best, for to succeed at all in bringing such a theme to life is to accomplish something which has not too often been accomplished in American writing. Bell's theme necessarily brings him, as it must any writer, up against new problems for whose solution there are few literary precedents. If he is not altogether successful—if sometimes he fails in this book to bring his theme to life—it is important to remember the magnitude of those problems.

The instances in which it seems to me that Bell fails are those in which he is unable to express his meanings in terms of his characters' growth of understanding. Then, of course, he finds himself, as the author, compelled to step in with his own comments to make his meaning clear. For example, midway through the book, having followed Joel's involvement with the union, we read: "And perhaps this is as good a place as any to explain how he did come to get mixed up in it. . . ." At once we are brought up short with a feeling of interruption.

But usually the incursions of the author into the world of his characters are not so apparent on the surface (for Bell is a practiced novelist). It is not that one actually sees the hands manipulating the strings; it is rather that one detects, from time to time, in a certain stiffness of their movements, the guiding force above. For example, we read: "Nancy went to the Wallace rally, and saw and cheered her hero, but returned not a little infatuated with the director of Harvard's observatory, who also spoke. Joel gave two dollars to the CIO's Political Action Committee, one for himself and one for Nancy, regretting that he couldn't give more. Miriam had been stressing at every meeting the importance of reelecting Roosevelt . . ." and so forth. And here we leave the world in which Bell's characters live, the world we have been persuaded to enter so long as the illusion of its inner reality remains unbroken; we land with a bump in our own world, where the corner vendor is shouting the headlines.

It is in instances such as these, I feel, that Bell slips into one of those pitfalls which are only too numerous along the uncharted path of the writer who is attempting to express in his work a left-wing political orientation. This is a pitfall described by Ralph Fox in his analysis, the best we have to date, of the left-wing novelist's problems: *The Novel and the People*. Fox writes: ". . . the fight against exploitation and the defense of the working class against fascism, all these things appear so heroic, so impressive, that the writer feels that by merely writing them down the effect must be overwhelming. Indeed, it is often of the greatest emotional significance, but an emotional significance which, nevertheless, is only that of first-class journalism. The

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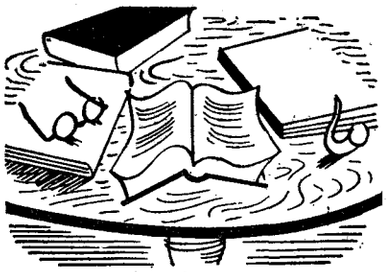

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writers do not add thereby to our knowledge of man, or really extend our consciousness and sensibility." And Fox goes on to summarize the views of Marx and Engels, who "were clearly of the opinion that no author could write oblivious to the class struggles of his time, that all writers, consciously or unconsciously, take up a position on these struggles and express it in their work. . . . But for that form of writing which substitutes the opinions of the author for the living actions of human beings, they always possessed the greatest contempt." In substantiation, Fox quotes from Engels' letter to Miss Harkness on Balzac: "The more the opinions of the author remain hidden, the better for the work of art."

I feel that Thomas Bell has given evidence in his work of his appreciation of these basic principles. In his faithfulness to the realities of everyday life, he demonstrates a warm understanding of actual people; and when he relies on this understanding, he is able to create characters and situations which convey his meanings with no need of special pleading from him, their creator. If his previous novel, *Till I Come Back to You*, was more successful for its artistic achievement (and therefore its effectiveness in adding "to our knowledge of man" and extending "our consciousness and sensibility") than his newest book, I believe it is just because in the earlier novel "the opinions of the author remain hidden (and therefore), the better for the work of art."

I for one believe that *Till I Come Back to You* was a very great success; it remains a model for the writer who would deal with the kind of material and the kind of meanings Thomas Bell is attempting to handle. Certainly, with the evidence it offers of his abilities in their fullness—together with the evidence offered by *There Comes a Time*, less rounded and not so sharply focussed, it seems to me, but still offered—one has good reason to read Thomas Bell's work with expectation.

WALT MCELROY.

"Let's Be Neat & Quiet"

A NEGRO'S FAITH IN AMERICA, *by Spencer Logan. Macmillan.* $1.75.

MR. LOGAN'S brief work represents still another addition to the plethora of works treating the Negro question in an idealistic, moralistic manner.

According to this superficial and dangerous line of reasoning, the oppression of the Negro is utterly detached from the historical, political, sociological and economic realities of life and results rather from some strange, self-created mental pathology afflicting the American people, the white man being intolerant, and the Negro having an attitude "of aggression mixed with defiance," for which each "is equally censurable."

This being the case, "theorists and agitators" like DuBois, Robeson, Powell, Davis (unnamed, but clearly indicated) are pointing "the wrong way" when they insist upon militant mass struggle, organization and political activity. Rather, let us follow "realistic" leaders like Booker T. Washington and George Schuyler. Let us "be neat, quiet, sober, clean, steady, thrifty, punctual, courteous, industrious." Let us "work through the tried and tested means of . . . gradual education of the community." We "must educate ourselves . . . with time."

Mixed with this shallow thinking is the inevitable accompaniment of factual distortion. The hoary cliche of the slaves' "loyalty" to the Bourbons is reiterated, the dynamic, revolutionary quality of the slaves' own religion is missed, and the incessantly drummed-out idea that the Negro has "heretofore rejected violence" because of his desire for "good relations" is repeated.

The slaves did not reject violence, but frequently resorted to it. Moreover, a powerful element of the Abolitionist movement advocated militant action, and most prominent among this group were the Negro leaders, people like Douglass, Garnet, Loguen, Tubman, Ruggles, Ward, Still—every one of them active, practicing opponents of non-resistance. And from those days to these bloody times of Columbia, Tennessee, resistance has ever characterized much of the behavior of the American Negro people, who seek not merely "good," but *changed* relations, plus decent living conditions.

Logan's work is an excellent demonstration of the fact that the denial of materialism leads to a repudiation of struggle and the dead-end of reliance upon an ethereal "education" having neither real substance nor positive direction.

HERBERT APTHEKER.

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sights and sounds

ROSES, KILLERS AND SPIES

Times Square alight with paste diamonds. Some Hollywood versions of art and politics.

By JOSEPH FOSTER and TOM McGRATH

"THE SPECTER OF THE ROSE" is all Ben Hecht. He not only wrote the script, but produced and directed and helped select the cast as well. He had the run of the studio (Republic) with a completeness that made other writers breathe hoarsely with envy. Consequently, the film reflects not the expedients of the budget hatchetmen, nor the Front Office notions of market values, but only Hecht sentiments and ideas.

Many commentators regarded the film as a revolt from the Hollywood pattern, others as the most literate film since Preston Sturgis was at his height. "Literate" it could be, since it makes much reference to art, poetry, politics, the ballet, etc. But it is hardly a revolt from the intellectual standards of Hollywood.

There was considerable speculation on the symbolism of the mad dancer, the central character whose knife play is supposed to provide the suspense and drama of the story. One prominent writer thought this schizophrene was a homosexual with a homicidal mania for women in his less lucid moments. Another felt that the lusty use of the knife by the dancer upon his wives was a simple Freudianism that Hecht was using to move his story along. A third thought the dancer, who was always imagining another person dancing with his face and costume, represented the split personality of the artist under the bourgeoisie. ("I hire myself out to write for Hearst or Hollywood, but I am only giving what *seems* to be me. The real me is off to one side, untouched and intact.") This last speculation is interesting, and might have been true of the Hecht of twenty years ago (*Humpty-Dumpty*, etc.). Hecht, however, no longer believes that the bourgeoisie stifles art. He has quite a number of different ideas, all of which he delivers in liberal quantity throughout the film. That they are irrelevant to the main action and characters of the picture leads me to believe that his main purpose in producing this film was not a preoccupation with symbols but a desire to sneer at mass movements and their political leaders. He longs for the days of his adolescence, before "Left" ideas began to disaffect writers and artists, when the ivory tower was not only not attacked but was regarded with reverence as the esthetic ideal. In those days the fate of the masses did not impinge on the artistic consciousness. Only the artistic self was important. (The artist was worth a million peasants.)

His mouthpiece in the film, his "poet," is a boozy Greenwich Village cliche-monger, his poetry the kind that is manufactured in the Village cellars for the benefit of week-end tourists who come to look and not to listen. When the poet is repudiated by the ballerina in favor of her dancing partner, he is consoled by a friend, who tells him to merge his personal grief in the fight of the people for a good life. The audience laughs at this suggestion because Hecht makes the character that speaks these words ludicrous, an undignified figure with unpressed pants and a Russian accent.

Hecht also has an answer for this point of view. "The suffering of the masses," says his poet, "is a minor phenomenon compared to the tears of one individual." By individual, of course, he means the artist. "What about Tolstoy, a great writer who thought otherwise?" "When the Eagle wearies of flying, he dreams of retiring to the chicken coops." Thus Hecht disposes of his betters.

Between shots of ballet dancing, by far the best parts of the film, Hecht delivers other profound observations that must delight the hearts of Hearst and Du Pont. The people are beetles who blindly follow their political leaders. By political leaders he does not mean the grafters and ward heelers of the Tammany persuasion, but those leaders who are concerned with the welfare of the Chinese and Indian people. This leads to the development of the social conscience, which Hecht calls the greatest confusion of our time. He orates further that the people gave up their souls when they exchanged poetry for headlines. The fact that poetry and song flourish in direct proportion to the extent of political liberation troubles this esthetic historian not at all. In addition to the above examples of his *Weltanschauung*, Hecht pokes fun at unions, modern dancing, impressarios, musicians. He dislikes everything but his own creations, his plots, and the problems that he cooks up for his characters.

In its cinematic qualities, the film gains much from the clear sharp lighting of Lee Garms, one of the best of Hollywood's cameramen. From Hecht's direction it gains little, most of it being static from too much talk. The inexperienced actors Viola Essen, as the female dancer, and Ivan Kirov, as her mad lover, show their inexperience in roles that are extremely exacting. Their dancing is, however, nice to watch and a happy relief from the incredible nonsense that passes for dancing in such films as *Night and Day*. Lionel Stander is brutally miscast as the poet.

But Hecht need not worry about his inabilities as a director. Let him but express his ideas in more characteristic movie language, and he will get the unimpeded use of even the largest Hollywood studios.

JOSEPH FOSTER.

THE things time and circumstance sometimes do to literary works is amazing. Probably the most striking of all is the change into its opposite of Swift's *Gulliver's Travels*, which began as one of the most powerful and incisive satires, terrible in its inclusiveness, only to be relegated to the shelf of children's books, where it has to do duty as a kind of fairy tale. The things

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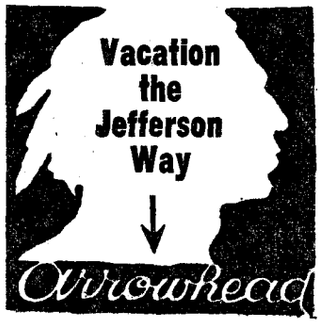

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which are happening to Hemingway's stories, their metamorphosis in Hollywood, may not be what happened to the Swift classic, but they are alike enough to make you pause now and then and wonder if somehow you had got into the wrong theater. With *To Have and Have Not*—a novel which for all its weakness of construction and its oversimplification was still Hemingway's finest failure—given Bacall and Carmichael and the "politics" of the French, you were a strong man if you were not forced to slap yourself on the back of the neck once in a while just to assure yourself that you were not dreaming it all. The number of dazed citizens who went from the theater to the nearest bar, dead certain that from now on the DT's could be nothing but Disney in technicolor, must have been enormous. It is for these victims of cultural shock that we hoist the alert. See *The Killers* from the beginning. If you don't, don't say you weren't warned.

It is probable that some thousands of readers, finishing Hemingway's short story, turned the page to see what came next, relying on a comfortable feeling that, in fiction at least, everything has a good solid and sensible reason for happening. The chagrin, on finding that there was nothing on the other side of the page, must often have become mixed with a certain amount of horror, for the story is certainly a masterpiece of the sinister. The killers, so completely businesslike and inhuman, come out of nowhere like tawdry agents of Fate to strike down a man who is so certain of his doom that he will not even try to escape. It is apt to rock you back on your heels a little. And I suppose it is natural to write in a background for the victim, to find a good everyday reason for his being knocked off.

This is what has been done in the movie version of *The Killers*. The result isn't very much like Hemingway, but it is still pretty much like a good movie. The film starts by retelling the short story almost straight, and if it does not succeed in recapturing the atmosphere and feeling of the original, that is partly due to the difficulty of transferring from one medium to another those intangible elements which are inherent in the texture of the story.

The killers arrive. They find Swede and they kill him. From this point on the story is familiar enough to get all the audience participation that it requires. Swede, it develops, was once a pug. Breaking his hand was like losing his meal-ticket, so the next step is to join the mob. Along the way he meets the girl, and the cast is then complete for the kind of caper that can only end with nearly everyone lying stone cold dead in the local morgue.

If the main line of the story here is familiar, at least it is exploited for all it is worth. For a change the denouement is really logical and there are no loose ends in the story. Also, it is something of a relief to discover that murder and sudden death can happen in New Jersey and Pittsburgh. If you see very many of these things, you are apt to get the idea that Southern Cal has a monopoly. We are at least close to the real world, after all.

Within the allowed tolerance on a film of this kind, there are many good things. Here, in addition to those mentioned, there is some fine writing, dialogue that is crisp without being cute; and characters who are not too obviously "characters." The acting is beyond reproach; and it raises a question. Why is it that with this kind of thing the actors seem to enter into it with such great gusto, while if they are playing Joe Blow, the common man, they sometimes seem to be afflicted with a case of the shakes? Could it be because the usual Hollywood version of the common man is so phony? Anyway, everybody here is rough tough and the real stuff, especially Burt Lancaster, who plays the part of the Swede in a way that makes him a human being. Add to that Ava Gardner as pretty Kitty Collins, a real engine of mortality, Sam Levene as a cop, and Edmund O'Brien, who redeems his performance in *Winged Victory*—a magnum opus of the delightfully dead past which you may remember as being almost as great a blow to the late war effort as the battle of the Bulge.

"NOTORIOUS" is a melodrama with a background calculated to make you think it a little more serious than it actually turns out to be. It starts out by making Ingrid Bergman a girl no better than she ought to be, which is also a novelty, but its success here is not remarkable.

You may know that South America has become a base for certain Nazis not now on trial at Nuremberg, but what you don't know—and probably won't be able to believe—is that our brave spies (excuse it, intelligence agents)

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are doing their best to make life miserable for them down in the land of the tango. That's what it says here, though, and Cary Grant is the guy who is making them bite the dust.

As we were saying, Ingrid starts out as a bad girl and Cary really believed it, and it isn't until she takes on a job and even goes so far as to marry Nazi No. 1 (all in the line of duty, of course) and is in danger of being poisoned, that the guy really sees that she is in love with him and has turned over a new leaf. So Claude Rains, who is the Nazi, is left in a bad spot. Marrying an American agent is not the kind of thing that wins friends in his circle, and he is left to the tender mercy of his murderous pals. Just what happens to the scientist who is collecting uranium ore is not shown, but what the hell, Cary gets Ingrid or vice versa. The play's the thing.

I don't want to undervalue the political background of the movie. Nazi activity in South America is certainly a disturbing fact, and it is a good thing to have it recognized even in such a cavalier fashion as in *Notorious*. At the same time, it is worth pointing out that to use political reality as a prop, to put it on the level of local color, is an attempt to have your cake and eat it. It is about time that such a theme got a serious treatment, without the central characters' spending so much of the footage nibbling away at each other like a couple of carp in a goldfish bowl.

TOM MCGRATH.

New American Music

THE CBS Symphony Orchestra, led by Bernard Herrmann, opened its fall series with a program given over to the League of Composers, and featuring Nicolai Berezowsky's "Toccata, Variations and Finale," for string quartet and orchestra.

The question, What is it all about?, can be asked of a piece of music as legitimately as of a book. I couldn't answer this question in regard to the Berezowsky work. The idiom, which discloses the kind of human character and emotion that enters a composer's work, in this case sounded like the common coin of the modern Parisian school. The problems of design were effectively, even brilliantly handled, but always with a studio atmosphere about them.

In contrast was Aaron Copland's Rodeo Suite. Like Mr. Copland's other

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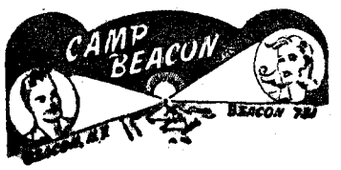

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I. WALLMAN, Mgr.

recent ballets, this work employs folk tunes with the most heartwarming results. Especially enjoyable was the wit of the second section, and the sentiment of the third. But the virtues of such music, its economy in texture and time, are also its weaknesses. Copland thus avoids pompousness and platitudes, but I wonder whether he has reconciled himself to being the most capable minor composer in America. The program opened with Robert Ward's modest and pleasant "Jubilation" overture.

The orchestra was splendidly handled by Mr. Herrmann, who is one of the finest American conductors as well as a talented composer. His series of concerts this fall promises to be fully as interesting as that of last season, with its enterprising selection among both contemporary works and works of the past.

S. FINKELSTEIN.

Records

THE war in Italy gave the soldier no relaxation in its piled-up natural obstacles, from Salerno to Mt. Belvedere, and in the incessant demands it made upon human nerve and flesh. "A Walk in the Sun" is a ballad of one incident in the landing on Salerno beach, understanding enough to speak for the entire campaign. The beauty of the treatment, by Earl Robinson and Millard Lampell, is the simplicity of the materials they use. Robinson knits together a handful of Western laments and blues, to set Lampell's words. He sings them to the accompaniment only of his own guitar, the instrument most beloved by the American soldier and the foundation for innumerable impromptu musical sessions. The narrative prose and verse by Lampell are likewise simple, with no exaggerated heroics and a touch here and there of authentic humor: "That ain't nothing but pure patriotism, makes me shake like this."

Listening to this album, one regrets that the Army did not encourage this kind of honest entertainment, instead of its shoddy escapist efforts which were neither entertainment nor escape. And this album stands up today as a living reminder of what American boys were called upon to go through. It is a challenge to those who are too quick to forget that the only justification for war, which makes such inhuman demands upon people, is that it be in defense of people's needs and freedom,

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S. F.

Stock Market Jitters

(*Continued from page 10*)

are something else again. We may have our boom, but the smart money obviously does not count on it to last very long, and the bust really has Wall Street worried."

So much for the lamentations of the big business Cassandras. Always at the bottom of the recurrent crises that periodically shatter economic life under capitalism lies the ever-widening gap between the limited purchasing power of the people and the unlimited productive capacity of industry. We have come out of the war with tremendously expanded productive facilities, but big business has done everything in its power to restrict ever more drastically the purchasing power of the people. The fight against OPA was only the most dramatic move in this line. And while the home market has been shrinking, our government's foreign economic and political policies, directed against the USSR and the new democracies of Europe, have also been restricting markets abroad.

The recurrent breaks on the stock market during the summer of 1946 are a forceful reminder of the inherent shakiness of the highly monopolized capitalist system in the United States. No one can tell exactly when the crash will come, but with industrial production, according to Civilian Production Administrator John D. Small, nearing capacity, the elements of a new crisis are now generating on a more gigantic scale than ever before. And even more relentlessly than in 1929 such a crisis in the United States will drag the other capitalist countries into the whirlpool. All of which points up the importance of bolstering mass purchasing power through higher wages and firm price control, of curbing profits, providing decent housing and extending social insurance—measures that cannot avert the crisis, but can help cushion its impact on the ordinary people of the country.

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